

*FAIRY TALES*



*The Nuptial Ceremony of  
Prince Nonpareil and the Princess Brilliant.*

*FAIRY TALES*



*The Nuptial Ceremony of  
Prince Nonpareil and the Princess Brilliant.*



THE  
M I R R O R,  
O R

Fairy World Displayed :

A COLLECTION OF  
F A I R Y T A L E S ;

COMPILED FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF

Y O U N G E R M I N D S ;

*Calhoun* : BEING A SERIES OF  
W O N D E R F U L A D V E N T U R E S ,

I N T E N D E D T O E N C O U R A G E

Youth to virtuous Pursuits, by displaying the bad  
Consequences that attend a vicious Habit of Life.

---

*Conduct the Steps of my unguarded Youth,  
And point their Motions to the Paths of Truth.*

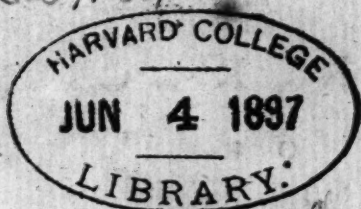
---

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. L A N E, Leadenhall-Street.

M D C C L X X X V I I I .

25227.34



*Subscription fund.*

---

For the Description of the elegant Frontispiece  
see Page 41.

---

*Just Published, these*

EXCELLENT AND APPROVED

N O V E L S,

ORLANDO and SERAPHINA,

(A TURKISH TALE)

In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. *sewed.*

“ This story, confessedly imaginary, is borrowed from one of the instances of Kirk’s unfeeling cruelty, related by Hume. The narrative is well conducted; the changes, though sometimes at the extreme verge of probability, are yet, on the whole, sufficiently credible; the language is correct, forcible, and often elegant; the characters varied and well discriminated. The termination differs from the event, as it occurs in Hume, it is a happy one.”

Critical Review.

“ The narrative of this tale is well conducted, the language is correct, forcible, and often elegant, the characters varied and discriminated.

Town and Country Mag.

THE  
VILLAGE of MARTINDALE,

Dedicated to the Dukes of PORTLAND.

In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. *sewed.*

"The Author promised us novelty, and he has not disappointed us. We do not mean to say, that the Knighted Trader, the Methodical Justice, or the Punning Esquire, are wholly new; but they are distinguished by peculiar features, and a peculiar air, which render them pleasing companions, because they are not so common hackneyed in the eyes of men. Punning is a low species of wit; but Mr. Sutherland's puns are commonly successful, and the whole is an ingenious and animated performance."

"The story is conducted with skill; we are interested in the progress, and pleased with the conclusion."

Critical Review.

"An ingenious, animated, new story; pleasing in the progress, and natural in the conclusion."

Town and Country Mag.

---

## P R E F A C E.

**T**H E R E never was more occasion to stem the torrent of Vice than at the present period, when the ill effects are so severely felt : and therefore the winning over the juvenile mind to praise-worthy deeds, by planting a love for that line which leads to honour and to happiness, becomes a desirable task.

It certainly is very afflicting to hear the aged parents lamenting the depravity of their only hopes : yet if they were minutely to look into their own conduct, they might behold, with heart-felt sorrow, that a great part of that misconduct originated from their own inattention to the early instruction of those whom nature placed under their care ;—a thing so essentially necessary for the cause of Virtue.

Too frequently it happens in the decent line of life, that the parent's ideas are filled with external accomplishments, viz. dancing, singing, &c. &c. but are forgetful of those mental qualities which are the foundation of causing real respect.

In a case like this, the parent and the offspring stand equally the objects of our pity. To avoid therefore, the splitting on so dangerous a rock,

it



## P R E F A C E.

it were to be wished, that a proper education was bestowed first; which being done, their future conduct having virtue and reason for the basis, would shine with double lustre.—The furnishing the mind with those requisites which time can never efface, will afford pleasure to the latest period, prevent an insipidity, cause respect both social and relative; and to the parents keep alive those noble and generous sentiments which first united them:—and when youth, as a vision, is no more, and the lamp of life burns dim, preserve a flame only to be extinguished with death.

The necessity, therefore, of an early education, need not be any further enforced, being fully convinced that the judicious, for the furtherance of so desirable an object, will place in the Hands of those under their care, such books as will tend to promote so pleasing a task.

From these considerations, the PUBLISHER of this Work (desirous to contribute all in his power) presents to the notice of parents, &c. THE MIRROR, wishing by

‘Holding a mirror to the mental eye,’  
that he may be instrumental in promoting that regard for virtue, which is so necessary to pass through life.

---

# M I R R O R,

O R

## FAIRY WORLD DISPLAYED.

---

### The GOLDEN BOUGH.

**T**HERE lived a King in the Days of Yore,  
who was of such an austere Humour, that he  
was rather feared than loved by his Subjects: he  
very rarely permitted them to see him; and on the  
least Suspicion would put the best of them to Death.  
He was called the *Brown King*, for the Surlinefs  
of his Looks, because he was always frowning.  
He had a Son, who did not at all resemble him;  
for he was the best natured, the most magnificent  
and politick Prince in the World, but he was  
bandy-legged, and hump-backed; he squinted,  
and his Mouth was on one Side: In a Word, he  
was a little Monster; and never before did so  
elegant a Soul lodge in so deformed a Body.  
Nevertheless he had the Faculty of pleasing Peo-  
ple so much, that every one loved him. His Sense  
was so superior to that of others, that nobody could  
hear him talk and not be pleased with him.

The Queen would have his Name *Torticoli*, ei-  
ther out of Love to the Name, or because she  
thought it happily expressed her Son's Shape. The  
*Brown King*, consulted his own Interest more than  
his

his Son's Inclination, had cast his Eye on the Daughter of a powerful King, his Neighbour, for a Match for his Son: Their Territories were contiguous, and their two Kingdoms would by such an Alliance become formidable to all the World. He thought she was the more proper Wife for his Son, because she could not reproach him with his Deformity, she being every whit as ugly and deformed as himself; she was a Cripple, and could not stand on the Ground without Help: In short, nothing could be more shocking as to her Person; but her Mind was as lovely as her Face and Shape was otherwise; and it seemed as if Nature intended this Way to make an Amends for her Ugliness.

The *Brown King* having got the Princess *Trognon's* Picture (so she was called) set it up in the great Hall of his Palace under a Canopy of State, and sent for the Prince *Torticoli*, whom he commanded to look favourably upon it, for that was the Portrait of *Trognon*, who was to be his Wife. *Torticoli* cast his Eyes upon it, and presently turned them aside with an Air of contempt; at which his Father was very angry. 'Are you not satisfied with it?' (said the King in a grave and churlish Tone.) 'No, my Lord (replied the Prince) I shall never be satisfied to marry such a Creature as that is.' 'It does not very well become you,' (quoth the King) to find Fault with this Princess, who are yourself ugly enough to fright one to look upon. For that Reason (said the Prince) I would not marry another as ugly: I can hardly endure myself now, what then should I do with such a Companion?' The King answered surlily, 'Are you afraid of propagating a Race of Baboons? Your Fears are to no Purpose, you shall marry her; it is enough that I command it.' *Torticoli* made no Reply, but bowing down to the Ground, withdrew.

The

The *Brown King* had not been used to meet the least Opposition; his Son's contradicting him threw him into a terrible Passion. He ordered him to be imprisoned in a Tower built on Purpose for rebellious Princes, but there had not been any body in it for two hundred Years, insomuch that every thing was out of Repair. There the Furniture appeared so old, and of such an odd Make, that People wondered to see it. The Prince loved reading; he asked for Books, but was allowed only the Liberty of the Library belonging to the Tower. He thought he might amuse himself with that; in which however he was disappointed; for he found the Language of those Books so old, that he did not understand a Word of it; yet he looked them over, in Hopes to find some whose meaning he might pick out, or learn the Language by it.

King *Brown*, supposing that his Son *Torticoli* would be weary of his Prison, proceeded in the Match with *Trognon* as if he had consented to it. He dispatched away Ambassadors to the King his Neighbour, to demand his Daughter in Marriage to his Son, promising the Princess all that her Heart could desire. *Trognon's* Father was transported with the Thoughts of such an Alliance, and that he could so easily and advantageously have an ugly Daughter taken off his Hands. He joyfully accepted of the *Brown King's* Terms, and placed Prince *Torticoli's* Portrait, which the Ambassadors brought with them, (though it was not very charming) in a long Gallery, where *Trognon* saw it by her Father's Command. When she looked upon it she startled, and then held down her Head and burst out into Tears. Her Father resenting highly the Reluctance she shewed to the Match, called for a Looking-glass, and bade her see herself there, after which she would have little Reason to weep. 'If I was in Haste to be married, my Lord, said she,

‘ should be in the wrong to be so nice ; but I shall  
 ‘ be the better able to endure my Disgrace, if I  
 ‘ suffer alone : I would not let another Person have  
 ‘ the Trouble of seeing me, and shall always be  
 ‘ contented with my Condition, provided I am ne-  
 ‘ ver forced to change it, at least I shall never  
 ‘ complain of it.’ Though her Reasons seemed to  
 have some Weight in them, the King was not  
 biassed by them, but ordered her to prepare for her  
 Departure with the Ambassadors, who were come  
 to demand her.

She travelled in a Litter, as close as she could,  
 that nobody might see her ; and we must leave her  
 on the Road, to see what the Prince did in the  
 Tower. His Guards durst not speak to him ; and  
 that he might be the more willing to purchase his  
 Liberty, by espousing *Trogon*, the King com-  
 manded he should have bad Victuals, and his  
 Treatment be every Way bad. The *Brown Mo-*  
*narch* knew how to make People obey him ; if not  
 out of Love, out of Fear. Notwithstanding which,  
 the Prince was so well beloved, that those about  
 him did not pay entire Obedience to his Father’s  
 Commands.

As he was one Day walking in the Gallery of  
 the Tower very pensive and melancholy, reflect-  
 ing on his Misfortune to be so ugly himself, and  
 yet to be obliged to marry a Woman still uglier,  
 he cast his eyes upon the Windows, where he saw  
 several Pictures so well painted, the Colours so  
 lively, and the Designs so well expressed, that he  
 looked upon them with Delight and Earnestness,  
 yet he could not comprehend the Meaning of those  
 Designs, which were taken from History, and re-  
 lated to Subjects that were several hundred Years  
 old. What struck him most was the Picture of a  
 Man, so like himself, that one would have thought  
 it had been his own Portrait : The Man was re-  
 presented



presented to be in the Turret of the Tower, searching in the Wall, where he found a Golden Key, with which he opened a Cabinet. There were other images which he was pleased with, and on most of the Windows found his own Picture. 'How comes it about, said he to himself, that I am painted here so long before I was born? and what an unlucky Imagination had the Painter to think of such a Person as I!' He saw also the Picture of a beautiful Lady, whose Features were so regular, and her Physiognomy so lively, that he could not take his Eyes off it. In short, there were a thousand different Objects, and all the Passions so well expressed, that he fancied he saw the Things done, which were only represented by the Mixture of Colours.

He never went out of the Gallery, till it grew so dark that he could not see the Pictures, or distinguish them one from another. When he returned to his Bed-Chamber, he happened to light upon an old Manuscript; it was written upon Vellum, the Leaves painted about the Edges, and the Cover of Gold and blue in Cyphers. He was surprized to see the same Things there as on the Windows; he endeavoured to read it, but could not. At last, on a sudden, when he turned to a Leaf where Musicians were presented, he heard Musick; and turning over another Leaf, where some Gamesters were painted playing at Basset and Trick-track, the Cards and Dice flew about as they were represented to do. He then turned over another Leaf, and there being the Representation of a Wedding, the Ladies danced, richly adorned, and of wonderful Beauty. In the next Leaf he was regaled with the Smell of an excellent Feast. The Figures that were eating were not above a Quarter of a Yard high. One of them turning about to the Prince, cried 'Here's your Health Prince Torticoli; re-

‘store us our Queen; and it shall happen well with you; otherwise something ill will betide you.’

At these Words the Prince, who before began to be afraid, was so frightened, that he let the Book drop out of his Hand, and fell down himself like a dead Man. His Guards ran in at the Noise, and loving him tenderly, neglected nothing to recover him out of his Fit. When he could speak to them, they asked him what was the Matter with him? He replied, ‘he was so ill fed, he had not Strength to support himself, and having his Head full of Imaginations, he fancied he had seen and heard such Things in that Book, that he was seized with mortal Fear.’ His Guards were troubled at it; and notwithstanding their King’s Orders to the contrary, gave him to eat. When he had filled his Belly, he took up his Book again, and not finding what he had seen before, he was confirmed in his Belief that it was all Delusion.

The next Day he went again into the Gallery; he viewed the Pictures there again, saw them stir, walk, hunt, fish, and build, as if they had been all alive. The Images were in Minitaure, very little, and his own Portrait was every where among them, with the same Sort of Clothes on he had himself: He went up into the Tower-Fort, and found there the golden Key. Having made a very good Meal that Day, he did not believe the Vapours had got so into his Head that it was full of Visions. This is too mysterious a Business (says he) for me to neglect the Discovery of it; perhaps I shall find it out in the Fort: So thither he went, and knocked against the Wall, it seemed to be hollow; he took a Hammer, and beat the Stones out of the Wall, where he found a very neat Key, but did not know what use to put it to. At last he perceived an old Cupboard in the Corner of the Fort: it was made of ordinary Wood, and looked out of repair: He had

had a Mind to open it, but could not find the Lock, though he examined every Creek and Corner of it. In the End he perceived a little Hole, and supposing the Key might be of Use to him there, he put it in, and wringing it with all his Strength, opened the Cupboard, which was as fine and as wonderful within side, as it was old and ugly without: All the Drawers were of Chrystal and Amber, and inlaid with precious Stones. When one of them was drawn out, he found others that were less, and the Sides, above and below it, separated from one another by Mother of Pearl: upon which he drew out that first, and the Drawers afterwards: Each of them was full of the most beautiful Arms in the World, of rich Crowns and admirable Portraits. *Torticoli* was charmed at the Sight, and continued to pull out the Drawers till they were all drawn. In the End he came to a little Key made of a single Emerald, with which he opened a golden Shutter that was at the bottom of a Drawer, and to his great Surprise found a brilliant Carbuncle, of which a great Box was made: He presently took it out of the Shutter, and to his still greater Astonishment, when he opened it, saw it was full of Blood, and a Man's Hand cut off, which held a Picture-case.

Prince *Torticoli* shook at the Sight of it; his Hair stood an End on his Head, his Legs trembled, and he was forced to sit down on the Ground, still holding the Box in his Hand: He had not Courage to look upon such an horrible Apparition, yet was very desirous to know the End of so many Mysteries.

He remembered what the little Image in the Book had said to him, that according as he behaved himself in this Affair it would happen well or ill to him. He was as much afraid of what was to come, as what was past: But in the End recollecting him-

self as a Man of Honour ought to do, condemned his base Cowardice; and taking Courage spoke thus to the Hand: 'Tell me, unfortunate Hand, if thou canst, by Signs or otherwise, what sad Adventure has befallen thee, and if it is in my Power to serve thee, depend upon my Generosity.'

At these Words the Hand stirred, and made such Signs with its Fingers, that were as intelligible to *Torticoli* as if a sensible Person had spoken to him with a Tongue. 'Know then (says the Hand to him) it is in thy Power to oblige Divine Beauty in the highest Degree, from whom I am separated by the Barbarity of a jealous Rival. Go straightway into the Gallery, observe where the Sun-beams shine with the greatest Lustre, seek, and thou wilt find my Treasure.' Then the Hand ceased stirring and making Signs. The Prince asked several Questions, but it made no Answer. 'Where shall I put you again,' said *Torticoli*? To this Question the Hand made new Signs, by which the Prince understood that he must replace it in the Cupboard where he found it, which he did accordingly, putting every Thing in the same Order again; and he enclosed the Key in the same Wall from whence he took it: And being now hardened a little to encounter Prodigies, he went directly to the Gallery: where, upon his Arrival, the Windows began to clatter and flutter. He examined the Room, to see where the Sun shone brightest, and perceived it was upon a Picture of a Youth, so beautiful, and of such a noble Presence, that he was charmed with him. He lifted up the Picture, and came to an Ebony Wainscoting and golden Borders: He could not tell how to remove it, or whether he should or not. He looked upon the Windows; and as he was looking, the Wainscot lifted itself up: behind which he perceived a stately Anti-Chamber, of Porphyry, set

set off with Statues: He approached it, went up to it by Stairs of Agate with golden Ballisters, and came into a Hall done all with Lapis Stone; he passed through it into several magnificent Apartments, charmed every where with the Excellency of the Pictures and the Richness of the Furniture. Having crossed an infinite Number of them, he came at last to a little Chamber, the Ornaments of which were all Turcois-Stone: He here saw a Lady of incomparable Beauty, sleeping on a rich Bed, the Curtains being of Blue Gause; her Hair was as black as Jet, and her Complexion fair as the driven Snow; she seemed disturbed in her Sleep, and her Looks were languishing like those of a sick Person.

The Prince approached her softly, for fear of waking her. He overheard her say something in her Sleep, which listening to more attentively, he understood to be a Complaint of her Usage. 'Dost thou think, Traitor (said she) that I can love thee, after thou hast deprived me of my adorable *Trafimenes*! those who will before my Face divide a Hand from that Arm, which would otherwise have been dreaded for ever? is it thus that thou dost pretend to shew me thy Love and Respect? Ah, *Trafimenes*, my dear Lover, must I never see thee more?' The Prince perceived the Tears forced a Passage through her closed Eye-lids, and then trickling down her Cheeks, made her resemble *Aurora* weeping.

He stood like one that was immoveable at the Bed's Feet, doubting whether he should wake her, or leave her to her sad Slumbers. He imagined that *Trafimenes* was her Lover, and it was his Hand which he found in the Fort. While he was musing on a thousand different Things, and not able to come to any Resolution, he heard the sweetest Melody that ever delighted the Ears of



Man; it was a Concert of Nightingales and other Singing-Birds, whose Harmony was so agreeable, that no Voices could compare to it. Soon after an Eagle of prodigious Bigness entered; he flew softly along, and held in his Claws a *Golden Bough* loaden with Rubies like Cherries. The Bird fixed his Eyes upon the Lady, as if he was gazing on his own Sun: He fanned her with his Wings, and hovering over her, sometimes flew about her Head, and sometimes about her Feet.

He did this for a few Moments, and then turning to the Prince, put the *Golden Bough* into his Hand; upon this the Birds that sung gave a Cry, which made all the Palace ring. The Prince, from what he had seen and heard, guessed that the Lady was enchanted, and the Honour of freeing her reserved for him. He advanced towards her, bent one Knee to the Ground, smote her gently with the *Golden Bough*, saying, 'Lovely Creature, who liest sleeping by some Magical Power unknown to me, I conjure you in the Name of *Trasimenes*, to resume all the Faculties of Life, which you have lost in Appearance.' The Lady, opening her Eyes, saw the Eagle, and cried, 'Stay my dear Lover, stay;' but the kingly Bird, gave a dismal Shriek, flew away, and carried the feathered Songsters with him.

The Lady, turning to *Torticolis*, said, 'I was more obedient to the Dictates of Love than those of Gratitude, otherwise I should have first addressed myself to you, to whom I owe all Things, for you have released me from a Sleep, in which I have lain buried above two hundred Years: A Magician, who loved me, was the Cause of all my Miseries, and reserved this glorious Adventure for you. It is in my Power also to serve you in my turn, and I passionately desire to do it: I am entirely Mistress of the Arts of the Fairy Kind,

Kind, and can render you as happy as you please. Madam (replied the Prince) if by-your Knowledge you can penetrate the Minds of Men, you will easily discover that notwithstanding all my Disgraces, I am less to be pitied than another. It is your Good-nature makes you say so (quoth the Fairy) pray do not detain me so long from shewing you how desirous I am to be grateful : What is it you can ask for ? speak, and it is yours. I ask (said the Prince) to have an Opportunity to restore your dear *Trafimenes* to your Arms, for whom you shed so many precious Tears. You are too generous, says the Lady, to prefer my Interest to your own ; that important Affair is to be terminated by another Person. I dare say no more, only that Person will not be indifferent to you : But I am impatient to know how I can oblige you, Ah, Madam, (replied the Prince, throwing himself at her Feet) you see what a frightful Figure I make ; I am called *Torticoli* in Derision ; let me not look so ridiculous for the future. The Fairy touched him thrice with the *Golden Bough*, saying, Rise, the most accomplished Man in the World ; nobody before you, nor after, was, or ever will be, equal to you ; your Name for the future shall be *Nonparelio*, for none ever deserved it so well as yourself.

The grateful Prince embraced her Knees, and by silence which expressed his Joy more than a thousand Words could do, he gave her room to guess how his Soul was transported. The Fairy obliged him to rise, and he looked in the Glasses which adorned the Chamber ; but *Torticoli* was lost in *Nonparelio* ; he was three Feet higher, his Hair hung in large Curls on his Shoulders, his Mien became Majestic and graceful, his Features regular, his Look sprightly ; in a Word, he was the Master-piece of an obliging and ingenious

Fairy. ' I am sorry (says the Lady) it is not permitted me to inform you of your Destiny, to tell you what Rocks and Shelves Fate throws in your Way, that you might avoid them. With what Pleasure should I add this good Office to the last ! But I should offend the superior Genius that guides you.' ' Go, Prince, fly from the Tower, and remember the Fairy *Benigna*, who has done this for you, and will always be your Friend.' At these Words the Palace and Windows the Prince had seen disappeared, and he found himself in the middle of an overgrown Forest, above three hundred Miles from the Tower in which the *Brown King* had confined him.

Let us leave him there, endeavouring to recover himself out of his Amazement, and see what became of the Guards that were set upon him, and the Princess *Trogon*, after this Accident. The poor Soldiers wondering that their Prince did not call for his Supper, entered his Chamber, and not finding him there they searched for him with great Exactness all over the Tower, and when they saw their Labour was in vain, they were almost dead with fear of the *Brown King's* Displeasure at his Son's Escape : They consulted how they should save themselves from the Violence of his Resentment, and in the End thought of a Way which they hoped would deceive him. They resolved that one of their Comrades should take to his Bed, as tho' he was sick, and not any one see him, giving out it was the Prince, who was very ill. They intended afterwards to report he was dead, and by burying a great Faggot-Stick instead of his Highness impose upon their Sovereign, who otherwise they knew would put every Man of them to Death. This Contrivance they believed was infallible, and they did accordingly as they had resolved. The least Soldier of the Guards, with a counterfeit Hump-back, lay along like

like a sick Person ; the King was told his Son was ill, his Majesty supposing it was an affected illness, and that the Prince thought to mollify him by it, did not abate any Part of his Severity towards him. the trembling Guards had what they wished for, and the more earnestly they seemed to beg for him, the less Notice the King took of his Son's Danger.

As to the Princess *Trognon*, she arrived in a little Machine about two Feet high, which Machine was enclosed in a Litter. King *Brown* went to meet her. When he found she was so deformed a Creature, a Cripple, her Skin scaled like a Fish, her Nose flat and broad, her Mouth reaching from Ear to Ear, he could not forbear saying, ' Princess *Trognon*, you are very civil to despise my Son ; ' he is ugly it is true, but not so bad as you are.' ' My Lord, (said she) I have not so good an Opinion of my own Merit, as to be angry at the unkind Things you say to me ; however, I cannot think you believe this Way of proceeding to be an effectual Means to make me love your Son, the charming *Torticoli* ! Yet I must be plain with you ; as ugly as I am, I shall never marry him, but always value the Title of Princess *Trognon* more than that of Queen *Torticoli*.' King *Brown* was highly offended at this Answer. I assure you, I will keep my Word with my Son and your Father : When you were at Home he was your Master ; now you are here, I am. She replied, ' I never came here with my own Liking, and shall always look upon you as my mortal Enemy, if you put the least Constraint on my Inclinations.' The King turned short and left her, more enraged than he was before. He assigned her an Apartment in the Palace, and Ladies to wait upon her, giving them Orders to advise her to marry the Prince, as the best Thing she could do.

In

In the mean Time the Guards, being afraid that their Trick would be discovered if they did not make haste to put it in Execution, told the King the Prince was dead. He was so grieved at the News, that nobody thought he could ever have been sensible of so much Sorrow: He cried, he raved, and laying the Death of his Son to the Princess *Trognon's* Charge, he commanded she should be shut up in the same Tower where he had been confined. The poor Princess was equally surprized and troubled to find herself on a sudden made a Prisoner in such a dismal Place: She was a Lady of Spirit, and talked as became her on such a Treatment, but nobody would hearken to her. She then endeavoured to find out a Way to convey a Letter to her Father, to acquaint him with her hard Usage, and desired him to come and deliver her; but nobody would assist her in it. Her Letters were all intercepted and given to the *Brown King*; which she not knowing, lived in Hopes of a Kind Answer from her Father, and passed away the Time of her Confinement as well as she could. She hurried every Day into the Gallery, to look upon the Pictures in the Windows, and was wonderfully pleased with the different Images she saw so happily represented there; among whom was her own ugly Picture in all her Deformity, a greater Wonder than all the rest. 'The Painters have been very busy with my Effigies since I arrived here, (quoth the Princess) could they find out nothing ridiculous to divert their Fancies with but me? or would they only set off that lovely young Shepherdess there by painting me always by her?' She then gazed upon the Picture of a Shepherd, with whose Charms she was infinitely delighted. 'How unhappy (said she) is a Person whom Nature hath affronted, as she has done me! The Tears soon followed these Words; and happening to see her



her Face in a Glass, she hastily turned her Head aside, and to her great Astonishment, saw behind her a little old Hag, who was half as deformed again as the Princess. Quoth the Female Monster, 'chuse which you will, Virtue or Beauty; your Complaints are so moving, that they have touched me. If you will be handsome, you must be a proud inconstant Coquet; if you will remain as you are, you shall be wise, modest, and esteemed by all the World.' *Trognon*, looking stedfastly upon the Witch that spoke to her, demanded of her if Beauty and Virtue were incompatable. 'No,' (says the little old Hag) but with respect to you, Fate has decreed that you shall have the one or the other, and not both of them.' 'Is it so (said *Trognon* with a bold and resolute Air) then I prefer my Uglinefs to Beauty.' 'How! (replied the Monster) would you rather frighten than charm all that see you?' 'Yes, Madam (said the Princess) I'll rather be the most miserable creature upon Earth than want Virtue. I have brought you my yellow and white Muff on purpose (quoth the Beldam :) Blow on the yellow Side of it, and you shall become like that lovely Shepherdess with whose Picture you have been so charmed, and be beloved by the Shepherd whose Image has more than once pleased you; blow on the white Side, and you shall find yourself confirmed in the Paths of Virtue, in which you so courageously have resolved to walk.' 'Let it be so, Madam (says the Princess, I shall then be comforted amidst all the Contempt I meet with in the World on account of my Deformity.' Then the little old Gypsy gave her the Muff of Virtue and Beauty. *Trognon* accepted of it, blowed on the white Side, and thanked the Fairy, who immediately vanished,

The

The Princess rejoiced in the happy Choice she had made ; and as much Reason as she had to envy the incomparable Beauty of the Shepherdess that was painted in the Windows, she received Comfort in these Considerations : that Beauty vanishes like a Dream, that Virtue is an everlasting Treasure, and an unalterable Beauty, which lasts longer than Life. She hoped her Father would soon come with an Army to free her from her Imprisonment : She waited for his Arrival with the last impatience : and longed to go up to the Fort of the Tower, to see if he was coming ; but she could not crawl up so high : so she crawled into her Chamber as nimble as a Tortoise, or rather with the Expedition of a Snail, and bade her Women carry her up. When she was there, she looked out of the Window which faced to that Part of the Country through which her Father must march, if he came to her Assistance. She saw nothing ; but as she was leaning against the Wall, it happened that the Stones, which Prince *Torticoli* had taken out and ill put in again, fell down, and with them the golden Key, which chinking near the Princess *Trognon's* Feet, she took it up, and examined what Service it was set there for. Having a great deal of Sense, she presently imagined it was to open the Cupboard with, but there being no lock to be seen, she could not tell how : At last she espied the Hole, and opened it, being no less ravished than the Prince had been at the Sight of the Wonders she saw within it. There were four thousand Drawers full of Ancient and Modern Rarities. Coming to the Shutter, she saw the Box and the Hand swimming in Blood : She trembled all over, and would have thrown it away ; but she was hindered by the secret Influence of a superior Power. ‘ Ah, (said she) mournfully, ‘ what have I done ? It is Death to stay here with ‘ this divided Hand.’ At the Instant she heard a  
soft

soft agreeable Voice, saying, ' Have a good Heart, ' Princess; your Happiness depends on this Adventure.' ' Alas ! (replied *Trogon*) what can I ' do ? ' ' Carry (said the Voice) this Hand with ' you into your Chamber, hide it under your Pillow, and when you see an Eagle give it to him that ' very Minute.'

As much as the Princess was frightened, there was something so persuasive in the Voice, that she did not hesitate about obeying it : she replaced the Drawers and Rarities in Order as she found them, without taking away any of them. Her Guards, who were afraid that she would also make her Escape in her Turn, ran into her Chamber, searched for her, and were amazed to find her in a Place where they thought she could not have got up but by Enchantment.

It was three Days before *Trogon* saw any thing ; she durst not open the fine Carbuncle Box, she was so terrified by the divided Hand, The third Night after she heard a noise against her Window ; she opened the Curtain, and by Moon-light saw an Eagle hovering about it : She rose as well as she could, and crawling along the Chamber, opened the Window. The Eagle entered, and clapped his Wings with a great Noise in Sign of Joy : She gave him the Hand immediately ; he took it with his Claws, and a Moment after she could see no more of him ; but in his Place there appeared the handsomest young Man she ever saw in her Life, with a Crown upon his Head, his Robe set all over with Diamonds, and a Picture in his Hand. He spoke to her first, saying, ' Princess, it is above ' two hundred Years since a traitorous Magician ' detained me in this Palace. He and I loved the ' Fairy *Benigna* : I was beloved, and he jealous. ' His Art was greater than mine ; and resolving ' to make his Advantage be my Ruin, he forbade ' me

' me one Day, with a commanding Air, to see her  
 ' any more. I was too amorous, and of too high  
 ' a Quality, to hearken to his Injunctions: I threat-  
 ' ened him, and the Fair One I adored was so  
 ' offended with the Insolence of the Magician, that  
 ' she forbade him, in her turn ever to approach her  
 ' again. The Villain resolved to be revenged on  
 ' both of us. One Day as I was near her, charmed  
 ' with the Sight of her Picture, which she had just  
 ' then given me, and was gazing on it with Ad-  
 ' miration and Joy, he came, and at one Blow  
 ' struck off my Hand with his Sabre. The Fairy  
 ' *Benigna* (for so the Queen was called) was more  
 ' troubled at this Accident than myself; she fell  
 ' down in a Swoon on her Bed, and I in an In-  
 ' stant, was transformed into an Eagle. The Ma-  
 ' gician suffered me every Day to see the Queen,  
 ' without approaching near her, or waking her;  
 ' and I had the Satisfaction to hear her often sigh,  
 ' and talk of her dear *Trafimenes* in her Sleep. I  
 ' knew, that after two hundred Years a certain  
 ' Prince was to restore *Benigna* to Life, and a cer-  
 ' tain Princess to give me my former Shape again,  
 ' by delivering my Hand to me; and this benign  
 ' Fairy, who is concerned for your Glory, would  
 ' have it so: It was she that so carefully locked up  
 ' my Hand in the Cupboard in the Fort; it was  
 ' she that enabled me to pay my Acknowledge-  
 ' ments to you: Ask, Princess, what you will;  
 ' whatever you wish you shall have.'

' Great King (replied *Trogon*, having stood a  
 ' Minute or two thinking upon it) if I did not  
 ' presently return you an Answer, it was not be-  
 ' cause I was at a Loss what to say; but I have  
 ' been so little used to such surprizing Adventures,  
 ' that I could not tell whether this was real or ima-  
 ' ginary.' ' No, Madam, (said *Trafimenes*) it is  
 ' no Illusion; you shall experience the Reality as  
 soon

soon  
 ' all  
 ' wh  
 ' Po  
 ' to  
 ' eff  
 ' ug  
 ' Tr  
 ' yo  
 ' co  
 ' the  
 He t  
 Bone  
 selve  
 and  
 Feat  
 mod  
 ' (c  
 ' (fa  
 ' wh  
 ' ha  
 ' joy  
 ' fo  
 ' B  
 ' of  
 nith  
 she  
 a C  
 one  
 S  
 pho  
 Hig  
 was  
 Al  
 sam  
 adm  
 she  
 fine

soon as you tell me your Wish.' 'If I should ask  
 ' all those Blessings of you (says the Princess,)   
 ' which I want to be perfect, boundless as your   
 ' Power is, I believe it would be difficult for you   
 ' to satisfy me; but I shall keep to what is most   
 ' essential: Let my Soul be as lovely as my Body is   
 ' ugly and deformed.' 'Ah, Princess (replied   
 ' *Trasmenes*) you charm me with the Goodness of   
 ' your Choice; but what can render it more ac-   
 ' complished than it is already? Your Body   
 ' therefore shall become as lovely as your Soul.'   
 He then touched her with the Fairy's Picture; her   
 Bones presently gave a Crack, and stretched them-   
 selves out, so that she was at once tall, fair, straight,   
 and had a Complexion whiter than Milk: Her   
 Features were all regular, her Mien majestic and   
 modest, yet delicate and agreeable. 'Prodigious!   
 ' (cried she, is it I? Is it possible?) Yes, Madam,   
 ' (says *Trasmenes*) it is you; the wise Choice   
 ' which you made of Virtue has acquired you this   
 ' happy Change in your Frame. and I am over-   
 ' joyed I was destined to contribute to it: Leave   
 ' for ever the Name of *Trogon*, and take that of   
 ' *Brillant*, which you deserve for the brightness   
 ' of your Graces and Charms'. He said, and va-   
 nished; and the Princess not knowing which way   
 she came thither, found herself under the Shade of   
 a Covert of Trees, by the Side of a little River,   
 one of the pleasantest in the Universe.

She had not yet seen herself since her Metamor-   
 phosis. The first Time that she saw her new   
 Highness, was in the Water of that River, which   
 was so clear, that with Wonder she perceived the   
 Alteration to her Advantage, and that she was the   
 same Shepherdess whose Picture she had so often   
 admired in the Windows of the Gallery. Like it   
 she was clothed in a white Gown, adorned with   
 fine Lace, the prettiest that ever Shepherdess wore;   
 round



round her Waist she had a Girdle of Roses and jessamins; her hair was done up in Tresses with Flowers, a gilded Crook lay by her Side, and a Flock of Sheep grazed on the River's Bank: A Dog attended them; and both the Sheep and the Dog seemed already to know her Voice as that of their Mistress.

One cannot imagine the thousandth Part of her Reflection on so many Wonders. She was born and had lived the ugliest of human Creatures, but she was however a Princess; she was now as bright as the Morning Star, but no more than a Shepherdess; and she could not be insensible of the Loss of her Rank.

These Meditations employed her till she fell asleep. She had had very little Rest all Night; for though she knew nothing of the Matter, she had travelled above two hundred Leagues which tired her, and indeed was enough to tire a Woman of the best Heart in the World. Her Sheep and her Dog gathered about her, and watched her as she should have done them. The Sun when it rose could not hurt her, the Shade defending her Beauties from his piercing Rays; and the green Grass, on which she reclined, seemed proud of the beautiful Burthen it bore.

The Violet springs beneath her Head,  
The Primrose at her Feet;  
A thousand Flowers their Odours spread,  
To make her Slumber sweet.

The Birds joined their tuneful Melody, the Zephyrs wantonly played with her Sylvan Garments; but soon the feathered Choirs gave o'er, the Zephyrs ceased to fan the Air, for fear the Nymph should awake. A Shepherd retiring from the Heat of the Sun-beams, and observing the Place where she

she lay to be shady, came thither ; but when he  
 saw the Shepherdess *Brilliant*, he was so struck,  
 that if he had not rested himself against a Tree he had  
 fallen to the Ground. Indeed he discovered it was  
 the very same Person whose Beauty had so charmed  
 him with her Picture, in the Windows of the Gal-  
 lery and the Vellum Book ; for the Reader will  
 soon imagine, that this Shepherd must be Prince  
*Nonparelio* : An unknown Power had kept him in  
 this Country, where he was admired by all that be-  
 held him : his Address, his Air, his Wit, dis-  
 tinguished him as much among the Shepherds as his  
 Birth would have done elsewhere. He looked on  
*Brilliant* with equal Attention and Pleasure, of which  
 he had never before been sensible : He kneeled  
 down by her, examined that Collection of Beau-  
 ties which rendered the whole together perfect, and  
 his Heart was the first that paid her that Homage,  
 which none since durst refuse her. While he was  
 gazing thus upon her, *Brilliant* awoke, and seeing  
*Nonparelio* near her in a Shepherd's Habit, yet  
 gallant to the last Degree, she looked, and re-  
 membered she had seen his Picture in the Tower.  
 ' Lovely Shepherdess (said he) what happy Des-  
 ' tiny brought you here, where you are without  
 ' Doubt come to receive our Vows and our Incense ?  
 ' Ah, I feel already, that none will be more eager  
 ' to pay his Homage to you than myself. Shep-  
 ' herd (replied the Princess) I cannot pretend to  
 ' require Honours that are not my due ; my desire  
 ' is to remain a simple Shepherdess, with my  
 ' Flock and my Dog, and that Solitude in which  
 ' I delight more than all other Enjoyments. How !  
 ' fair Shepherdess, (said the Prince) do you come  
 ' here to hide yourself from all Mortals ? Is it pos-  
 ' sible that you can mean any Thing ill by us ? At  
 ' least let me be accepted, since I am the first that  
 ' offered my Service to you. I shall not see you  
 otherwise

\* otherwise than any one else (replied *Brilliant*)  
 \* though I confess I have already a particular Esteem for you, and desire you would conduct me  
 \* to the House of some wise Shepherdess, with  
 \* whom I may spend my Days in Retirement and  
 \* Peace; for being a Stranger to this Place, and  
 \* of an Age that does not love to be alone, I shall  
 \* be glad to be under so good Government.' *Nonparelio* rejoiced that she would make use of his Service in such an Affair: He conducted her to a Cottage so neat, that nothing in Nature could be more pleasant. There lived a little old Woman in it, who seldom stirred out, she being so old, that she could hardly walk on her Legs. Here, says *Nonparelio*, presenting *Brilliant*, here is an incomparable Damsel for you, whose looks are enough to make you look young again. The old Woman embraced her, and with a courteous Air bade her welcome, saying, 'She was sorry she had no better Lodging for her, but she would make it up with Friendship, and lodge her in her Breast. I did not think (says *Brilliant*) to find so much Kindness and Courtesy here; I assure you, Mother, I rejoice extremely that I met you, and shall have the Happiness of your Company: And pray tell me your Name (added she, addressing herself to the Shepherd) that I may know to whom I am obliged for this Favour. I am called *Nonparelio* (replied the Prince, by my Companions) but for the rest of my Life I desire no Name but that of your Slave.' The old Woman asked the Shepherdess what her Name was, and she answered, *Brilliant*, with which the Hostess was mightily taken; and *Nonparelio* said an hundred agreeable Things on that Subject. The little old Shepherdess, being afraid that *Brilliant* might be hungry, presented her with brown Bread and Cream in a clean earthen Dish, some new-laid Eggs, new Butter,

Butter, and Cheese. *Nonparelio* ran to his Hut, and fetched some Nuts, Cherries, and other Fruit, finely set off with Flowers. He begged Leave of her to dine with her, that he might have the Opportunity of her Company the longer; and she could not without Difficulty refuse him, for she began to be wonderfully delighted in the Sight of him; and though she affected to appear cold in the Matter, yet he perceived his Presence would not be unacceptable.

When they parted, she did nothing but think of him, and he of her. He visited her every Day, and drove her Flock to the same Pasture where his grazed: He sung passionate Songs, played on his Flute, and tuned his Pipe to tempt her to dance; which she did with so much Air and Grace, that he could never enough admire her. Each of them reflecting on the Series of Adventures they had met with, began to be uneasy: *Nonparelio* was always seeking for her whenever he missed her; and she always avoided him.

When, walking in some lonely Shade,  
Alone he met the lonely Maid,  
His Passion he so well design'd,  
And shew'd how Lovers Hearts were join'd,  
That she, who burnt with equal Flame,  
Perceiv'd her Sickness was the same:  
By what he said, and she could prove,  
Too well she knew her Pain was Love.  
Till then she often sigh'd and wept,  
And seldom eat, and seldom slept.  
From him she learn'd the killing Smart  
Was caus'd, like his, by Cupid's Dart:  
Too late her Danger then she knew,  
And from her much-lov'd Shepherd flew;  
With

With Pain she flew, and blam'd her Flight,  
 To shun a Flame so pure and bright.  
 The Lover thought his Usage strange,  
 Nor guess'd the Meaning of the Change ;  
 He still pursu'd her o'er the Plain,  
 And sought her ev'ry where in vain :  
 She fled the Place if he was there,  
 And never his Complaints would hear.

*Brilliant* was angry with herself for loving *Nonparelio*. ' What (said she,) have not I only the  
 ' Misfortune to love, but to love a wretched Shepherd?  
 ' What cruel Destiny pursues me? I have  
 ' preferred Virtue to Beauty; Heaven to reward  
 ' my Choice, has made me beautiful, and yet  
 ' how miserable am I! Was it not for that Beauty,  
 ' the Shepherd from whom I fly would not be at so  
 ' much Pains to please me and I should have had  
 ' no Need to be ashamed of my Tendernefs for  
 ' him.' Her Fears always put an End to these  
 ' sad Reflections, and her Trouble was increased by  
 ' the Trouble she gave her lovely Shepherd, which  
 ' reduced him to a miserable Condition; for he gave  
 ' himself over to Sorrow and Despair. He had a  
 ' Mind to let *Brilliant* know the Dignity of his Birth,  
 ' in hopes that he might touch her Vanity, if he  
 ' could not reach her Heart; but then he thought she  
 ' would not believe him; and if she should require a  
 ' Proof of it, he could not give it her. ' What a  
 ' sad Fate is mine! (says he to himself) though I  
 ' was frightful to look on, I was Heir to a Crown  
 ' and a Kingdom, which will supply all Defects:  
 ' It is now in vain for me to shew myself to my  
 ' Father or his Subjects; neither of them will  
 ' know or own me; and all the Good the Fairy  
 ' *Benigna* has done me in taking away my Name  
 ' and my Deformity, is to make a Shepherd of a  
 ' me, and to deliver me up to the Charms of a  
 ' Shepherdess



‘ Shepherdess who cannot endure my Vows. Oh,  
‘ barbarous Stars, either become more propitious  
‘ to me, or render me deformed and as indifferent  
‘ as before !

Such were the melancholy Meditations of the  
Lover and his Mistress, without knowing one an-  
other’s Cares ; and thus it continued for some  
Time with them. It happened one Day, that  
*Brilliant* flying from *Nonparelio*, the Shepherd re-  
solving to speak to her, thought of a Way to do it  
which would be least offensive to her. He took a  
little Lamb, and dress’d it up with Flowers, and put  
a Collar of Ribbons about his Neck ; himself wore  
a Rose-coloured Taffety Coat, covered with English  
Lace ; his Crook was adorned with Ribbons, and  
he had a silken Scrip by his Side. Thus arrayed,  
all the *Celadons* in the World would have looked like  
so many Clowns to him. He found *Brilliant* sitting  
on a Bank of a River, which glided through the  
thickest Part of a Wood ; her Sheep were feed-  
ing round her, and the Shepherdess’s Pensiveness  
struck an Awe on the Shepherd, for fear of dis-  
turbng her. He approached her trembling, pre-  
sented the little Lamb to her, and looking languish-  
ingly on her, said, ‘ What have I done to you,  
‘ fair Shepherdess, to draw upon me such dread-  
‘ ful Marks of your Aversion ? You are angry  
‘ with yourself if you chance to look upon me ;  
‘ you fly me : tell me in what my Passion appears  
‘ so offensive to you ; can you desire a more pure  
‘ and faithful Love ? Are not my Words and Ac-  
‘ tions full of Respect and Warmth ? Alas ! it is  
‘ too true, that you Love elsewhere, and your  
‘ Heart is prepossed in Favour of another. *Bril-  
‘ liant*, whom the Muses had blessed as well as  
‘ Fairies, replied in Verse ;

## The GOLDEN BOUGH.

Shepherd, when thou seest me fly,  
 Why should that thy Fear create ?  
 Maids may be as often shy  
 Out of Love, as out of Hate.  
 When from you I fly away,  
 'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of Hatred run,  
 Less would be my Pain and Care ;  
 But, the Youth I love, I shun,  
 Who could such a Trial bear ?  
 Who, that such a Swain did see,  
 Who could love, and fly like me ?

Cruel Duty bids me go,  
 Gentle Love commands my Stay :  
 Duty's still to Love a Foe ;  
 Shall I this or that obey ?  
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,  
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this Chrystal Stream  
 I could set and see thee sigh ;  
 Ravish'd with this pleasing Dream,  
 Oh, 'tis worse than Death to fly :  
 But the Danger is so great,  
 Fear gives Wings instead of Feet.

If thou lov'st me, Shepherd, leave me ;  
 If I stay I am undone ;  
 Oh, thou may'st with Ease deceive me ;  
 Pr'ythee, charming Boy, be gone :  
 Heav'n decrees that we must part ;  
 He has my Vows, and thou my Heart.

Having said this, she ran away from him. The  
 love-sick and despairing Prince followed her ; but  
 his Grief growing too strong for him, he fell at  
 the

the Foot of a Tree, and stirred no more than if he had been quite dead; crying, 'Ah, too severe, too savage Virtue, why dost thou fear a Man whose Passion is so fervent and innocent? The Princess was afraid of herself as much as of him; she could not forbear doing Justice to the Merit of the charming Shepherd, and knew that the surest Way to be safe, is to fly from the Person that appears too lovely in our Eyes.

None ever gained such a Conquest over themselves as she did at that Time, she tearing herself from an Object, the dearest to her Soul that ever she saw in her Life. She could not help turning back several Times to see if he followed her. She saw him fall down half dead; she loved him, and yet refused him the Comfort of being assisted by her. When she got out of the Wood into the Plain, she lifted up her Eyes and cried, 'O Virtue! O Glory! O Greatness! I sacrifice my Quiet to you. O Destiny! O *Trafimenes*! I renounce my fatal Beauty; let me be as ugly as ever, or let me have the Lover I abandon without blushing.' Having thus exclaimed against her ill Fortune, she remained a while, doubting whether she should go back and help him, or fly further from him. Love would have had her return to the Place where she left *Nonparelio*; but her Virtue triumphed over her Tendernefs, and she resolved never to see him more.

Since she had come into this Country, she heard talk of a famous Magician, who lived in a Castle which he and his Sister had built on the Borders of an Island: Nothing was so much talked of as their vast Skill; they every Day did Miracles. *Brilliant* fancied she should never be able to drive the Image of her dear Shepherd out of her Mind without the Help of Magick; and, without saying a Word to her charitable Hostess, who had entertained her,

and loved her as if she had been her own Daughter, she went towards the Castle, so full of Trouble, that she did not think of the Peril she was running into on account of her Youth, and exposing herself alone in a strange Place. She stopped neither Night nor Day, neither eat nor drank, so eager was she to arrive at the Castle, to be cured of her Tenderness; and passing through a Wood, she heard the Voice of a Person singing, which she thought she knew, and that she heard her Name also. She stopped, to be the more sure of it; and hearkening to the Song, found it was as follows:

## I.

Young *Nonparelio* lov'd a Maid,  
As fair as e'er was seen;  
The Glory he of all the Glade,  
And she of all the Green.

## II.

The Sylvan Train with Envy saw  
The lovely loving Pair;  
The Swain approach'd the Nymph with Awe,  
The Nymph the Swain with Fear.

## III.

Fair *Brilliant* fled from his Complaint,  
Afraid to hear his Sighs,  
And doubting she with Joy should grant  
What she with Grief denies.

## IV.

She racks herself to seem severe;  
He sees she does but feign:  
Tho' when he's present she's in Fear,  
When absent she's in Pain.

## V.

With Pleasure, by some murm'ring Stream,  
 She listens to his Lays,  
 Still glad to find herself the Theme,  
 And flattered with his Praise.

## VI.

Nor need he follow, for her Race  
 Does ne'er continue long ;  
 She slackens, when he sings, her Pace,  
 And learns her Lover's Song.

' It is too much (said she weeping) dost thou  
 ' boast of my innocent Favours? Indiscreet Shep-  
 ' herd ! thou presumest that my weak Heart would  
 ' sacrifice my Duty to my Passion ; Thou hast dis-  
 ' covered thy uniawful Desires, and thou art the  
 ' Cause of my being the Sport of the Woods and  
 ' Plains.' She believed her Spite and Revenge had  
 so far got the Mastery of her, that she was in a  
 State of Indifference, if not of Hatred, towards  
 him, and continued thus talking to herself : ' What  
 ' need I go any farther, to seek for a Cure for my  
 ' Disease? I have nothing to fear from a Shepherd  
 ' in whom I have found so little Merit ; I will go  
 ' back to the Village with the Shepherdess whose  
 ' Voice I heard.' She then called to her as loud  
 as she could, but nobody answered ; and yet every  
 now and then she heard her singing near her.  
 Fear and Disquiet seized her, and indeed it was  
 true ; for the Wood belonged to the Magician,  
 and none ever passed through it without some strange  
 Adventure or other *Briliant*, in more doubt than  
 ever hastened out of the Wood as fast as she could.  
 Is the Shepherd I was afraid of become so formidable  
 to me, that I cannot venture to see him again ? Is  
 it not rather my Heart, which sides with him, that  
 would deceive me ? Fie, fie, it is all such a wretched



Princess as I have to do. So she went on to the Magician's Castle, and entered it without meeting any Obstacle. She crossed several Courts, where the Grass was so high, one would have thought nobody had been there for an hundred Years before; there were so many Briars and Thorns, that she scratched her Hands in several Places to make her Way through them. The first Room she came to was a Hall, into which the Light only came through a little Hole; it was hung with Bats Wings instead of Tapestry; twelve Cats were tied up by the Heels to the Cieling, and kept such a Growling that it was intolerable; twelve Mice were fastened to a long Table by the Tail, each of them with a bit of Bacon before it, but at such a Distance, that neither could reach it: Thus the Cats saw the Mice, and the Mice the Bacon, without being able to touch what they wanted, though they were all ready to be starved.

The Princess was musing on the fate of these Animals, when the Magician came to her in a long black Robe; he had a Crocodile on his Head, which served him instead of a Cap, and never did Man wear such a terrible Bonnet before; in one Hand he had a Pair of Spectacles, and in the other a Whip of Twenty long Snakes, all alive. It is not to be imagined what Terrors seized the Princess at his Appearance. She was sorry she had lost her Shepherd, her Flock, and her Dog, and her Thoughts were taken up how she might escape this Monster; for, as he was dressed, he looked more like *Cerberus* than a Conjuror. She ran to the Door, but felt herself entangled in Nets of Cobwebs: As fast as she cleared herself of one, she was caught in another, and so in another, till the Number became almost infinite; which tired her so, that she had not Strength enough in her Arm to take the Cobweb off from her Body. She lay down  
on

on the Ground to rest herself, and she was scarce down before she felt Thorns and Briars pricking her; and rising up to avoid that Inconvenience, she was again involved in the Cobweb Nets. The wicked old Fellow seeing what passed, laughed till his Sides were ready to burst. When his Mirth was over, he called to her, and said, 'Thou wilt never be able to get free as long as thou livest: I like thee better than any Damsel I ever beheld before; thou art fairer than the fairest, and as young as one would wish; if thou wilt marry me, I will give thee the twelve Cats thou seest hanging up there, to do what thou wilt with them, as also the twelve Mice. The Cats are so many Princes, and the Mice so many Princesses: The Jades at several Times had the Honour to be liked by me (for I ever was amorous and gallant) yet neither of them would love me. These Princes were my Rivals, and happier than I. Growing Jealous, I found Means to tempt them hither, and as I caught them in my snares, I metamorphosed them into Cats and Mice. The Jest of it is that they hate one another as much as they are beloved; and never Revenge was sweeter, or more complete.' 'Ah, my Lord, (replied *Brilliant*) turn me into a Mouse; I deserve it as much as these poor Princesses. How! (quoth the Conjuror;) you little silly Wench; wilt thou not love me then?' I am resolved never to love any Man, (said the trembling Princess.) Oh, what a Fool thou art (says the Magician) I will maintain thee to Admiration, tell thee Tales, provide the finest Clothes in the World for thee; thou shalt never go out but in thy Coach or Chair, and every body shall call thee my Lady.' It is my Resolution never to love (replied *Brilliant*.) Have a Care (quoth the old Fellow) what thou sayest; thou wilt a long

C 4

Time

‘ Time repent it. No matter for that (said the Princess) I am resolved never to love.’ Art thou so? (replied the Magician; thou art a very indifferent Creature, and for that Reason shalt be of a very particular Species of Animals in Joint, Blood and Bones; thou shalt be green, because of the Greenness of thy Youth, light and airy; thou shalt live in the Meadows as thou didst before; and be named *Santerella*, or a Grasshopper.’ He then touched her, and she became the prettiest Grasshopper in the World; and enjoying her Liberty, hopped immediately into the Garden.

As soon as she was alone, she burst out into the most lamentable Moan. ‘ Ah, (cried she) would I had still remained a Cripple! would I had now those dear supple Legs that could not then support me and that deformed Shape which frightened all Beholders! Ah, *Trasimenes*, where are thy fair Promises now? what is become of that Beauty which was so carefully kept for me above two hundred Years? It is shorter lived than the Spring Flowers. What does it all end in? A green Garment, a singular Form, neither Flesh nor Fish, Bones nor Blood. Ah, Wretch that I am, a Crown would have hid all my Defects; I should have married a Man worthy of me; and if I had continued a Shepherdess still, my Heart would have been the most welcome Present in the World to the most amiable *Nonparello*. Fortune has sufficiently revenged the Affronts I put upon her. What am I now? a Grasshopper, doomed to long Night and Day: though my Heart is in the bitterness of Woe, and I could weep a Deluge.’ Thus talked *Santerella* in her new Figure, frisking among the Flowers and Grass which grew on the Banks of a River.

In

In the mean while Prince *Nonparelio* could not support the Burthen of his Sorrow for the Absence of his adorable Shepherdess; the Obstinacy with which she left him, touched him so nearly, that he had not Strength enough to follow her: He fell into a Swoon, and remained insensible of any Thing, like one without Life, at the Foot of the Tree where *Brilliant* saw him fall. He continued thus some Time, till the Freshness of the Ground, or some unknown Power, restored him to Life. He durst not go to her House that Day, and meditated incessantly on that Part of the Verses she repeated to him; the Sense of which was:

From whom we dearly love, to fly.  
Does equal Pains create,  
As, when we know the Foe is nigh,  
To fly from one we hate.

Thence he received some flattering Hopes that Time and his Services would prevail upon her Gratitude: But how unspeakable was his Grief, when going to see her at the old Shepherdess's, he understood she had not been at Home since he saw her! He was almost dead with Fear and Disquiet, and wandered about the Plains in an unsuccessful Search after her. He was weary, he rested himself on a River's Bank, and was a hundred Times going to leap in, to end his Misfortunes with his Life. To express the Cares that lay upon his Mind, he wrote these Verses with a Bodkin, on a Willow which grew over the River:

This fair Fountain, that clear Brook,  
These delicious Vales and Plains;  
Every Place on which I look,  
Every Sigh augments my Pains.

When the lovely Maid was here,  
 All was Joy ; but now she's fled,  
 All is Grief, and none shall hear  
*Nonparello's* tuneful Reed.

When the blushing Morn appears,  
 When the Day's bright Beams decrease,  
 She's a Witness of my Tears,  
 She my constant Sorrow sees.

Night and Day's the same to me ;  
 Still I weep, and still complain :  
 Nought but Death, can set me free,  
 Nought but Death can cure my Pain.

When I pierce thy tender Rind,  
 Pr'ythee, gentle Tree, forgive ;  
 Thou a speedy Cure wilt find,  
 And, tho' deeper wounded, live :

But the Torments of my Heart,  
 Who can bear, or who can heal ?  
 There's no Anguish like the Smart  
 Which despairing Lover's feel.

*Brilliant's* ever charming Name  
 Will thy growing Beauties save :  
 What can quench my raging Flame ?  
 What can ease me but a Grave ?

He could write no more, being interrupted by a little old Woman, who came up to him dressed in a Ruff and Fardingale, with a high crowned Hat on ; her grey Hair and her Antiquity was every Way venerable. ' Son, (said she) I have heard your ' doleful Complaints ; pray tell me the Cause of ' your Trouble.' Ah, Mother (replied the Prince) ' I mourn the loss of a lovely Shepherdess, who  
 runs



‘ runs from me ; I know not where to follow her  
‘ and find her : I am resolved to seek her all over  
‘ the Earth, but I will learn some News of her.  
‘ Go, (says she) to yon Castle, and I believe you  
‘ will hear of her in a little Time.’ It was that of  
the Conjuror which the old Women pointed at.  
*Nonparelio* thanked her, prayed Love to be propitious,  
and thither bent his Way.

He met with nothing that stopped him, till he  
came to the Wood belonging to the Widow’s  
House ; he there fancied he saw his Shepherdess, and  
ran after her, crying, ‘ Stay, *Brilliant*, stay and  
‘ hear me, my adorable Shepherdess.’ The  
Nymph flying, and he following, the Chace continued  
till Night. When it was dark abroad, he  
espied abundance of Lights in the Castle. He  
flattered himself that his Mistress might be there ;  
thither he hasted, entered the Court-Yard without  
any Impediment, mounted the Stair-Case, and in  
a magnificent Hall saw a huge old Fairy, horribly  
lean, her Eyes resembling two dying Lamps, her  
Arms were like Laths, her Fingers like Bodkins,  
and the Skin of her Carcase like black Shagreen :  
However, she was patched and painted, covered  
with green and sad Coloured Ribbons. She wore  
a Silver Brocade Gown, a Crown on her Head, and  
was all over covered with Diamonds. ‘ Prince,  
‘ (said she) you have come to a Place where I have  
‘ a long Time wished for you ; think no more of  
‘ your little Shepherdess ; you ought to be ashamed  
‘ of such disproportionate Passion : I am the Queen  
‘ of Meteors ; I wish you well, and shall do infinitely  
‘ for you, if you will love me.’ Love you !  
‘ (replied the Prince, looking on her with Scorn)  
‘ love you, Madam ! is it in my Power to love  
‘ whom I please ? No, no, I can never be unfaith-  
‘ ful ; and if I could, it would not be in favour of  
‘ your Ladyship : Go, find out some proper In-

fluence for you among your Meteors; love the Air, the Winds, and leave Mankind in Peace.

The Fairy was proud and cholerick; she struck her Wand twice against the Ground, and in an Instant the Gallery was full of Monsters, with whom the young Prince was to combat. Some of them seemed to have several Heads, and several Arms: some were like Centaurs, some Syrens, some like Lions with human Faces, some like Sphynxes and flying Serpents. *Nonparelio* had nothing in his Hand to defend himself, but his Crook and a little Spear, which he thought he might stand in need of in his Journey. The Fairy, before the Monsters fell upon him, asked him again if he would love her. He still answered, he devoted himself to Death for his fair Shepherdess. The Hag finding she could not terrify him by his own Danger, thought of another Expedient; she made *Brilliant* appear: 'See there (said she, then) thy Mistress is at the lower End of the Gallery; if thou dost refuse to marry me, she shall be presently torn to Pieces by Tigers before thy Face.' Ah, Madam (cried the Prince, throwing himself at her Feet) spare her Life, and take mine. I do not want thy Life, Traitor (replied the Fairy) it is thy Love and thy Hand that I desire.' While they talked thus together, the Prince fancied he heard his Shepherdess's Voice, in a Mournful Tone, crying, 'Will you then let me be devoured? if you love me, do what the Queen requires of you.'

The poor Prince was in suspense what to do in the midst of his Troubles: He cried out, 'Ah, *Benigna*, have you forsaken me, after so many kind Promises? Come and help me, *Benigna*, in this my Distress.' Having said this, he heard a Voice in the Air, which distinctly pronounced these Words.

Destiny

Destiny will work her Way ;  
All Things must her Laws obey.  
Prince, be faithful to thy Vow ;  
Love, and seek the *Golden Bough*.

The Fairy, who believed she should be victorious by the Help of so many imaginary Terrors, was enraged to see herself checked by a superior Power: The Protection of the Fairy *Benigna* was an Obstacle in her Way, and she could not get over it. ‘ *Benigna* (said she) begone from my Sight !  
‘ Unhappy Prince, thy Heart is full of Flames ;  
‘ thou shalt for the future be a Cricket, always a  
‘ Friend to Heat and Fire.’

In an Instant the beautiful and wonderful Prince *Nonparelio* became a little black Cricket, who would have burnt himself alive in the first Fire he came to, had he not remembered the friendly Voice which he heard in the Air. ‘ Let us search  
‘ for the *Golden Bough* (said he) perhaps it will  
‘ uncricket me ; and if I find my dear-Shepherdefs  
‘ here how perfectly happy shall I be ?’

The Cricket made the best of his Way, as fast as he could, out of the fatal Palace: He did not know where to go, and recommended himself to the Care of the beautiful Fairy *Benigna*. He departed without noise or Equipage, for your Cricket fears neither Robbers nor ill Adventures on the Road. His first Resting-place was in a hollow Tree, where he found a Grasshopper very melancholy ; not a Note could be got out of her. The Cricket little imagining the Grasshopper was an Insect of Parts, said thus to her, not expecting an Answer : ‘ Whither are you going, Comrade  
‘ Grasshopper, that you are so sad ?’ And whither  
‘ are you bound, Comrade Cricket ?’ quoth the Grasshopper. The Cricket was surprized to hear her Reply. ‘ How is this ! can you speak ? (said he.)

‘ he.) And can you ? (said the Grasshopper) why  
 ‘ should we not have as great a Privilege as you  
 ‘ Crickets ?’ I may very well talk (quoth the  
 ‘ Cricket) because I am a Man.’ And by the same  
 ‘ Rule (says the Grasshopper, I may pretend to  
 ‘ the Use of my Tongue, for I am a Maiden.’  
 ‘ Says the Cricket, I perceive your Fortune is the  
 ‘ same with mine.’ Without Doubt (replied the  
 ‘ Grasshopper) but whither are you going ? I shall  
 ‘ be very glad (quoth the Cricket) if it is your  
 ‘ Way, that we may travel together. I heard a  
 ‘ Voice (said she) in the Air, pronouncing these  
 ‘ Words :

Destiny will work her Way ;  
 Go, seek the *Golden Bough*.

‘ I suppose it was meant to me ; and I am immediately set out to search for it, though I do not know where to go.

Their Conference was interrupted by two Mice, which they saw running at them with all their Force. They leaped into the Tree Head foremost, and had like to have stifled the two Comrades, Cricket and Grasshopper, who crept as well as they could into a Corner of the Hole. ‘ Ah, Madam (quoth the biggest Mouse) I have got a Pain in my Side by running so fast ; how fares it with your Royal Highness ?’ I have lost Part of my Tail (replied the youngest Mouse) I was forced to leave it, or I had been still fastened to the old Conjuror’s Table. Did you see how he followed us ? Happy are we to have got out of his infernal Palace ! I am a little afraid of Cats and Traps.’ Heaven deliver your Highness from them (said the biggest Mouse) I shall pray heartily for our arrival at the *Golden Bough*.’ Do you know the Way then (quoth her most Mousical

‘fical Highness?’ As well as to my own House,’  
‘It is a marvellous Bough; one of its Leaves is  
‘enough to make a Person rich for ever; it helps  
‘People to Money: it uncharms them; it makes  
‘them handsome; and keeps them ever young.’  
The Grasshopper perceiving how Matters stood,  
addressed herself thus to their Highnesses: ‘Here is  
‘a poor honest Cricket, and I, shall be very proud  
‘of your Company, Ladies, for we are, as well as  
‘you, Pilgrims to the *Golden Bough*.’ Upon this,  
many civil Things passed between the little Ani-  
mals and little Insects: for the Mice were Princesses,  
that had made their escape from the horrid Con-  
juror’s Table, to which they were fastened; and  
as for the Cricket and Grasshopper, it is very well  
known, that no Princes in the World could behave  
themselves more gallantly upon Occasion.

They were each of them awake early the next  
Morning: They set out very silently, being fore-  
afraid, if any Hunters should have heard them  
talk, they had been all snapt and put in a Cage.  
They came thus to the Place where the *Golden  
Bough* grew. It was planted in the Middle of a  
Garden full of Wonders: Instead of Gravel, the  
Alleys were made of Oriental Pearls, as big as  
Pease; the Roses were all incarnate Diamonds, and  
the Leaves Emeralds; the Blossoms of the Pomegra-  
nates were Garnates; the Marygolds Topazes;  
the Jonquils yellow Brilliants: the Violets Sapphires;  
the Bluebottles Turquoises; the Tulips Amethysts  
and Opals. In short, the Quantity and Variety of  
these fine Flowers were such, that they out shone the  
Sun.

It was here, as I said before, that the *Golden  
Bough* grew, the same as Prince *Nonparelio* received  
from the Eagle, with which he touched the Fairy  
*Benigna*, and uncharmed her: It was grown as  
high as the tallest Trees, and loaden with Rubies  
in



in the Shape of Cherries. As soon as the Cricket and Grasshopper, and the two Mice approached it, they received their natural Forms. O Joy, O Transport, not to be expressed by Words or Images! The Prince at the Sight of the fair Shepherdess threw himself at her Feet, and was about to say what his so agreeable and unlooked for a Surprise would dictate, when Queen *Benigna* and the King *Trasimenes* appeared, with a Pomp that could not be paralleled. Every thing amused, the Magnificence of the Garden; Four Cupids armed Cap-a-pee, with their Bows by their Side, and their Quivers at their Shoulders, held a little Canopy of Gold and blue Brocade over the King and Queen; and two Graces marched on each Side, with two Crowns on their Heads. ‘Come hither, ye amiable Lovers (said the Queen, extending her Arms to embrace them) receive from me the Crowns which your Virtue, your Birth, and your Constancy, deserve; your Sufferings shall change to Pleasures. Princess *Brilliant* (continued she) this Shepherd, so dreadful to your Soul, is the same Prince that your Father and his designed to be your Husband; he did not die in the Tower: Take him, and leave the Care of your Peace and Happiness to me.’ The Princess, overjoyed at this Discovery, through herself about *Benigna’s* Neck, and shewed, by the Tears which trickled down her Cheeks, that Excess of Rapture had deprived her of the Use of Speech. *Nonparello*, bending one Knee to the Ground, kissed the generous Fairy’s Hands, and, in the Confusion of his Joy, said a thousand Things without any Order or Connection. *Trasimenes* caressed him in a very high Degree; and *Benigna* in a few Words told them, it was she who proposed to *Brilliant* to blow in the yellow and White Muff; that she had assumed the Shape of an old Shepherdess, to entertain

tain the Princess at her House; that it was she who shewed the Prince whither his Shepherdess was gone. Indeed, continued she, you have suffered a great deal, and I would have prevented it, had it been in my Power; but the Pleasures of Love must be dearly bought, and the Joy makes Amends for the Sorrow.

Then a soft Symphony of Musick struck up on every Side of them. The Cupids crowned the two young Lovers; and their Nuptials were celebrated with the Magnificence that became *Benigna's* Court. The two Princesses, who were in the Shape of Mice, earnestly entreated the Fairy to try the utmost of her Art to deliver the unhappy Cats and Mice out of the Conjuror's Clutches. 'This is too happy a Day (she replied) to deny you any thing.' Saying this, she struck the *Golden Bough* thrice; upon which all those who had been confined by the Magician's Charms appeared in their proper Forms. The generous Fairy, being willing that every body should share in the Joy of that Day, divided the Treasures of the Fort in the Tower among them; a Present worth as much as ten Kingdoms in those Days. It is easy to imagine they were full of Satisfaction and Acknowledgments. *Benigna* and *Trafimenus* crowned their Generosity, by declaring, that the Palace, the Garden, and the *Golden Bough*, should for the future be King *Nonparelio* and Queen *Brilliant's*. A hundred other King's were his Tributaries, and a hundred Kingdoms dependent upon that, which the two grateful Fairies bestowed on the two happy Lovers.

Tho' *Brilliant* was far from deserving the Name.  
And never beheld her foul Face but with Shame;  
Tho' Beauty and Riches she might have requir'd,  
And had from the Fairy-Queen all she desired;  
Tho'

Tho' Beauty so flatters, and Riches bewitch,  
That all the soft Sex would be handsome and rich;  
Yet when she might both have been wealthy and  
fair,

She chose what of late is the Ladies least Care :  
Kind Fairy, she cry'd, give me Virtue and Wit,  
And as to my Person, do what you think fit ;  
For Youth's a gay Dream that passes away,  
And soon will the Glories of Beauty decay ;  
But the Wealth of the Mind is both lasting and  
pure,  
And the Charms of the Soul do for ever endure.

---

T H E  
S T O R Y  
O F T H E  
Queen and Country Girl.

**T**H E R E was upon a Time, a Queen so  
very far stricken in Years, that her Ma-  
jesty was toothless and bald. Her Head shook and  
trembled perpetually like the Leaves of an Aspin ;  
and her Sight was so dim, that Spectacles were of  
no longer Use to her. Her Mouth was almost hid  
by the near Approach of her Nose and Chin : Her  
Stature

Stature was so diminished, that she was shrunk into a shapeless Heap; and her Back so bowed, that you would have thought that she had been crooked from her Infancy.

A Fairy who assisted at the Birth of this Queen, came to her and said; 'Do you desire to grow young again?' Most earnestly (replied the Queen) I would part with all my Jewels, to be but Twenty.' Then (continued the Fairy) it will be necessary to make an Exchange, and to transfer your Age and Infirmities to some one, who will be contented to spare you her Youth and Health. To whom, therefore, shall we give your hundred Years?'

Hereupon, the Queen gave Orders to make diligent Enquiry through the Kingdom, for a Person who might be willing to barter youth for Age, upon a valuable Consideration. When these Orders were publickly known, a great many poor People from all Parts flocked to the Court; all of them desirous to be made old and rich: But, when they had seen the Queen at dinner, hideous in her Infirmities, trembling and coughing over a Mess of Water-Gruel, and doating ever and anon, as she spoke; not one was inclinable to take up the Burden of her Years. They chose rather to live by begging, and to enjoy Youth and Health in Rags. There came likewise, a Croud of ambitious Persons, to whom she promised great Dignities, and the highest Honours: But when they had seen her; 'What will all our Grandeur avail (said they) when we shall appear so frightful as to be ashamed to shew ourselves in public?'

At last there came a young Country-Girl (whose Name was *Mopsy*) in full Bloom; who demanded no less than the Crown as an Equivalent for her Youth and Beauty. The Queen immediately grew angry; but to what purpose? she was bent upon renewing

#### 44 The QUEEN and COUNTRY GIRL.

renewing her Vigour at any Rate; and said to *Mopsy*, 'Let us divide my Kingdom, and share alike: You shall reign over the one half; and I will content myself with the other: This will be Power enough in conscience for you, who are but a little mean Peasant.' No, (replies the Girl) I am not so easily satisfied: Let me enjoy my obscure Condition and my rosy Complexion; and much good may it do your Majesty and your hundred Years, and your Wrinkles and more than one Foot in the Grave.' But then (said the Queen) what should I be able to do without my Kingdom? you would laugh, you would dance, you would sing like me (answers the young Gipsy) and immediately she broke out into a Laughter, and danced, and sung. The Queen, who was far from being in a Condition to imitate her Jollity, said, 'And what would you do in my place? You who are neither accustomed to Old Age nor Empire?' I cannot well say (answers this Country Lass) what I should do; but I have a Month's Mind to try it a little; for I have always heard it is a fine thing to be a Queen.'

When the two Parties seemed now disposed to an Agreement, and were ready to strike the Bargain, in comes the Fairy, and addressing herself to *Mopsy*, said, 'Are you willing to make Trial of the Condition of an old Queen; and see first how you like it, before you resolve upon a Change in good earnest?' With all my Heart (replies the Girl.) Her Forehead is instantly furrowed with Wrinkles, her chesnut Hair turns white; she grows peevish and morose; her Head shakes, her Teeth are loose; and she is already an hundred Years old. The Fairy then opens a little Box, and lets out a Multitude of Officers and Courtiers of both Sexes, richly apparelled, who soon shot up in the full Stature of

Men



The QUEEN and COUNTRY GIRL. 45

Men and Women, and paid their Homage to the new Queen. She is conducted to her Chair of State; and a costly Banquet is immediately set before her; but alas, she has no Appetite, and cannot bear the Fumes of the Table; her Limbs fail her when she tries to walk; She is awkward and bashful, and in a Maze; she knows not how to speak, nor which way to turn herself; she calls for a looking Glass, and is startled at her own Deformity; and she coughs till her Sides ache.

In the mean Time the true Queen stands in one Corner of the Room by herself; she laughs and begins to grow handsome. Her Temples are shaded with Hair, and she renews her Teeth; her Cheeks glow with Youth, and her Forehead is fair and smooth: And now she begins to recollect her youthful Airs and Virgin Coyness; and set her Person out to the best advantage; but she is troubled to find herself but meanly apparelled; her Coats short and scanty; and her Waistcoat of a coarse Woollen Stuff: She was not used to be thus poorly equiped; and one of her own Guards who took her for some rude Creature, went to turn her out of the Palace.

Then said *Mopsy* to her; 'I perceive you are not a little uneasy in my Condition; and I am much more weary of yours: Take your Crown again, and give me back my Rustet Garment.' The Exchange was soon made; as soon the Queen withered, and the Virgin-Peasant bloomed afresh. The Restoration was hardly compleated on both sides, when each began to repent: but it was too late, for the Fairy had now condemned them both to remain in their proper Condition.

The Queen bewailed herself daily, upon the smallest Indisposition: 'Alas (would she say) if I was *Mopsy* at this Time, I should sleep indeed in a Cottage, and feed upon Chestnuts; but then  
by

46      THE QUEEN and COUNTRY GIRL.

‘ by Day I should Dance in the Shade with the  
 ‘ Shepherds, to the sweet Music of the Pipe.  
 ‘ What am I happier for lying in an embroidered  
 ‘ Bed, where I am never free from Pain? Or, for  
 ‘ my numerous Attendants, who have not the  
 ‘ Power to relieve me?’

Her Grief for having forfeited her Choice, en-  
 creased her Indisposition; and the Physicians (who  
 were twelve in Number) constantly attended her,  
 soon brought her Distemper to a height. Briefly,  
 she died at the End of two Months. *Mopsy* was in  
 the midst of a Dance with her Companions, on the  
 Bank of a running Stream, when Tidings came of  
 the Queen's Death: Then she blessed herself, that  
 she had escaped from Royalty; more through Good  
 Fortune and Impatience, than through Forecast and  
 Resolution.

From this Tale we may learn, that the chief  
 Happiness in this Life are Ease and Content;  
 Superior Pleasures to what any Riches can bestow.

---

T H E  
  
 S T O R Y  
  
 O F T H E  
  
 WONDERFUL WAND.

**A**BOVE two thousand Years ago, there  
 reigned over the Kingdom of *Tonga*, a King  
 whose Name was *Abdallab*. He was married to a  
 young Princess, the Daughter of a King of a neigh-  
 bouring

THE STORY OF THE WONDERFUL WAND. 47

bouring Country, whose Name was *Rouffignon*. Her Beauty and Prudence engaged him so far in Affection to her, that every Hour he could possibly spare from attending the Affairs of his Kingdom, he spent in her Apartment. They had a little Daughter to whom they gave the Name of *Juletta*, who was the Darling and mutual Care of both.

The King was quiet in his Dominions, beloved by his Subjects, happy in his Family, and all his Days rolled on in calm Content and Joy. The King's Brother *Abdulham* was also married to a young Princess, named *Tropo*, who in seven Years had brought him no Children: And she conceived so mortal a hatred against the Queen (she envied her Happiness in the little Princess *Juletta*) that she resolved to do her some Mischief. It was impossible for her during the King's Life-time, to vent her Malice without being discovered; and therefore she pretended the greatest Respect and Friendship imaginable for the unsuspecting Queen.

Whilst Things were in this Situation, the King fell into a violent Fever, of which he died: And during the time that the Queen was in the Height of her Affliction for him, and could think of nothing but his Loss, the Princess *Tropo* took the Opportunity of putting in Execution her malicious Intentions. She inflamed her Husband's Passions, by setting forth the Meanness of his Spirit, in letting a Crown be ravished from his Head by a Female Infant, till Ambition seized his Mind, and he resolved to wield the *Tongian* Sceptre himself. It was very easy to bring this about; for by his Brother's Appointment, he was Protector of the Realm, and Guardian to the Young Princess his Niece: And the Queen taking him and the Princess his Wife for her best Friends, suspecting nothing of their Designs, but in a manner gave herself up to their Power.

The

48 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

The Protector *Abdulham*, having the whole 'Treasure of the Kingdom at his Command, was in Possession of the Means to make all his Schemes successful : And the Princess *Tropo*, by lavishly rewarding the Instruments of her Treachery, contrived to make it generally believed, that the Queen had poisoned her Husband ; who was so much beloved by his Subjects, that the very Horror of the Action, without any Proof of her Guilt, raised against the poor unhappy Queen an universal Clamour, and a general Aversion throughout the whole Kingdom. The Princess had so well laid her Scheme, that the Guards were to seize the Queen, and convey her to a Place of Confinement, till she could prove her Innocence ; which that she might never be able to do, proper Care was taken, by procuring sufficient Evidence to accuse her on Oath ; and the Princess *Juletta* her Daughter, was to be taken from her, and educated under the Care of her Uncle. But the Night before this cruel Design was to have been put in Execution, a faithful Attendant of the Queen's, named *Loretta*, by the Assistance of one of the Princess *Tropo's* Confidants, who had long professed himself her Lover) discovered the whole Secret, of which she immediately informed her Royal Mistress.

The Horrors which filled the Queen's Mind at the Relation of the Princess *Tropo's* malicious Intentions, were inexpressible, and her Perturbation so great, that she could not form any Scheme that appeared probable to execute for her own Preservation. *Loretta* told her, that the Person who had given her this timely Notice, had also provided a Peasant, who knew the Country, and would meet her at the Western Gate of the City, and, carrying the young Princess *Juletta* in his Arms, would conduct her to some Place of Safety ; but she must consent to put on a Disguise, and escape that very Night

The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 49

Night from the Palace, or she would be lost for ever. Horses or Mules, she said, it would be impossible to come at without Suspicion; therefore she must endeavour (tho' unused to such Fatigue) to travel a-foot, till she got herself concealed in some Cottage from her Pursuers, if her Enemies should think of endeavouring to find her out. *Loretta* offered to attend her Mistress, but she absolutely forbid her going any farther than to the Western Gate; where delivering the little Princess *Juletta* into the Arms of the Peasant, who was there waiting for them, she reluctantly withdrew.

The good Queen who saw no Remedy to this her Disgrace, could have borne this barbarous Usage without much repining, had she herself been the only Sufferer by it: For the Loss of the good King her Husband so far exceeded all other Misfortunes, that every Thing else was trifling in comparison of so dreadful an Affliction. But the young Princess *Juletta*, whom she was accustomed to look on as her greatest Blessing, now became to her an Object of Pity and Concern; for, from being Heiress to a Throne, the poor Infant, not yet five Years old, was, with her wretched Mother, became a Vagabond, and knew not whither to fly for Protection.

*Loretta* had prevailed on her Royal Mistress to take with her a few little Necessaries, besides a small Picture of the King, and some of her Jewels, which the Queen contrived to conceal under her Night Cloaths, in the midst of that Hair they were used to adorn, when her beloved Husband delighted to see it displayed in flowing Ringlets round her snowy Neck. This Lady during the Life of her fond Husband, was by his tender Care kept from every inclemency of the Air, and preserved from every Inconvenience that it was possible for human Nature to suffer. What then must be her Condition

|| D

now !



50 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

now ! when through By-paths and thorny Ways, she was obliged to fly with all possible Speed, to escape the Fury of her cruel Pursuers : For she too well knew the merciless Temper of her Enemies, to hope that they would not pursue her with the utmost Diligence, especially as she was accompanied by the young Princess *Juletta* ; whose Life was the principal Cause of their Disquiet, and whose Destruction they chiefly aimed at.

The honest Peasant, who carried the Princess *Juletta* in his Arms, followed the Queen's painful Steps : and seeing the Day begin to break, he begged her, if possible, to hasten on to a Wood which was not far off ; where it was likely she might find a Place of Safety. But the afflicted Queen, at the Sight of the opening Morn (which once used to fill her Mind with rising Joy) burst into a Flood of Tears, and quite overcome with Grief and Fatigue, cast herself on the ground, crying out in the most affecting Manner, ' The End of my Misfortunes is at Hand. My weary Limbs will no longer support me. My Spirits fail me. In the Grave alone must I seek for Shelter.' The poor Princess seeing her Mother in Tears, cast her little Arms about her Neck, and wept also though she knew not why.

While she was in this deplorable Condition, turning round her Head, she saw a little Girl, no older in Appearance than the Princess *Juletta* ; who, with an amiable and tranquil Countenance, begged her to rise and follow her, and she would lead her where she might refresh and repose herself.

The Queen was surprized at the Manner of speaking of this little Child, as she took her to be ; but soon thought it was some kind Fairy sent to protect her ; and was very ready to submit herself to her Guidance and Protection.

The

The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 51

The little Fairy (for such indeed was the seeming Child, who had thus accosted them) ordered the Peasant to return back, and said that she would take care of the Queen, and her young Daughter; and he knowing her to be the good Fairy *Sybella*, very readily obeyed.

*Sybella* then striking the Ground three Times with a little Wand, there suddenly rose up before them a neat plain Car, and a Pair of Milk-white Horses; and placing the Queen with the Princess *Juleta* in her Lap by her Side, she drove with excessive Swiftneſs full Weſtward for eight Hours; when (juſt as the Sun began to have Power enough to make the Queen almoſt faint with the Heat, and her former Fatigue) they arrived at the Side of a ſhady Wood; upon entering of which, the Fairy made her Horses ſlacken their Speed; and having travelled about a Mile and a Half, through Rows of Elms and Beech-trees, they came to a thick Grove of Firs, into which there ſeemed to be no Entrance. For there was not any opening to a Path, and the Underwood, conſiſting chiefly of Roſe-buſhes, White-thorn, Eglantine, and other flowering Shrubs was ſo thick, that it appeared impoſſible to force her way through them. But alighting out of the Car (which immediately diſappeared) the Fairy (bidding the Queen follow her) pushed her way through a large Buſh of Jeſſamine, whoſe tender Branches gave way for her Paſſage, and then cloſed again, ſo as to leave no Traces of an Entrance into this charming Grove.

Having gone a little Way through an extreme narrow Path, they came to an opening (quite ſurrounded by theſe Firs, and ſweet Underwood) not very large, but in which was contained every thing that is neceſſary towards making Life comfortable. At the End of a green Meadow was a plain neat Houſe, built more for Convenience than

52 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

Beauty, fronting the rising Sun; and behind it was a small Garden, stored only with Fruits, and useful Herbs. *Sybella* conducted her Guests into this her simple Lodging; and as Repose was the chief thing necessary for the poor fatigued Queen, she prevailed with her to lie down on a Couch. Some Hours found Sleep, which her Weariness induced, gave her a fresh supply of Spirits: The Ease and Safety from her Pursuers, in which she then found herself, made her for a short Time tolerably composed; and she begged the Favour of knowing to whom she was so greatly obliged for this her happy Deliverance: But the Fairy, seeing her Mind too unsettled to give any due Attention to what she should say, told her that she would defer the Relation of her own Life (which was worth her Observation) till she had obtained a Respite from her Sorrows; and in the mean time, by all manner of obliging Ways, she endeavoured to divert and amuse her.

The Queen, after a short Interval of Calmness of Mind, occasioned only by her so sudden Escape from the Terrors of Pursuit, returned to her former Dejection, and for some time incessantly wept at the dismal Thought, that the Princess seemed now, by this Reverse of Fate, to be forever excluded all Hopes of being seated on her Father's Throne; and by a strange perverse Way of adding to her own Grief, she afflicted herself the more, because the little Princess was ignorant of her Misfortune; and whenever she saw her diverting herself with such her innocent Amusement, it added to her Sorrow, and made Tears gush forth in a larger Stream than usual. She could not divert her Thoughts from the Palace from which she had been driven, to fix them on any other Object; nor would  
her

THE STORY OF THE WONDERFUL WAND. 53

her Grief suffer her to reflect, that it was possible for the Princess to be happy without a Crown.

At length Time, the great Cure of all Ills, in some measure abated her Sorrows; her Grief began to subside; and spite of herself, the Reflection that her Misery was only in her own Fancy, would sometimes force itself on her Mind. She could not avoid seeing, that her little Hostess enjoyed as perfect a State of Happiness, as is possible to attain in this World: That she was free from anxious Cares, undisturbed by restless Passions, and Mistress of all Things that could be of any Use to make Life easy and agreeable. The oftener this Reflection presented itself to her Thoughts, the more Strength it gained; and at last she could even bear to think, that her beloved Child might be as happy in such a Situation, as was her amiable Hostess. Her Countenance now grew more cheerful: She could take the Princess *Juletta* in her Arms, and thinking the Jewels she had preserved would secure her from any Fear of Want, look on her with Delight; and began even to be convinced, that her future Life might be spent in calm Content and Pleasure.

As soon as the Voice of Reason had gained this Power over the Queen, *Sybella* told her, that now her Bosom was so free from Passion, she would relate the History of her Life. The Queen, overjoyed that her Curiosity might now be gratified, begged her not to delay giving her that Pleasure one Moment: on which our little Fairy began in the following Manner:

My Father (said the Fairy) was a Magician: He married a Lady for Love, whose Beauty far outshone that of all her Neighbours; and by means of that Beauty, she had so great an Influence over her Husband, that she could command the utmost Power of his Art. But better had it been for her, had

54 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

that Beauty been wanting ; for her Power only served to make her wish for more, and the Gratification of every Desire begat a new one, which often it was impossible for her to gratify. My Father, though he saw his Error in thus indulging her, could not attain Steadiness of Mind enough to suffer his beloved Wife once to grieve or shed a Tear to no Purpose, tho' in order to cure her of that Folly which made her miserable.

My Grandfather so plainly saw the Temper and Disposition of his Son towards Women, that he did not leave him at Liberty to dispose of his Magic Art to any but his Posterity, that it might not be in the Power of a Wife to tease him out of it.

But his Caution was to very little Purpose ; for although she could not from herself exert any Magic Power, yet such was her unbounded Influence over her Husband, that she was sure of Success in ever Attempt to persuade him to gratify her Desires. For if every Argument she could invent happened to fail, yet the shedding but one Tear was a certain Method to prevail with him to give up his Reason, what ever might be the Consequence.

When my Father and Mother had been married about a Year, she was brought to bed of a Daughter, to whom she gave the Name of *Brunetta*. Her first Request to my Father was, That he would endow this Infant with as much Beauty as she herself was possessed of, and bestow on her as much of his Art as should enable her to succeed in all her Designs. My Father foresaw the dreadful Tendency of granting this Request ; but said he would give it with this Restriction, that she should succeed in all her Designs that were not wicked ; for, said he, the Success of wicked Designs always turns out as a Punishment to the Person so succeeding. In this Resolution he held for three Days, till my Mother (being weak in Body after her lying-in) worked herself



herself up with her violent Passions to such a Degree, that the Physicians told my Father, they despaired of her Life, unless some Method could be found to make her Mind more calm and easy. His Fondness for his Wife would not suffer him to bear the Thoughts of losing her; and the Horror with which that Apprehension had for a Moment possessed his Mind, prevailed with him to bestow on the little *Brunetta* (though foreseeing it would make her miserable) the fatal Gift in its full Extent. But one Restriction it was out of his Power to take off, namely, that all wicked Designs ever could and should be rendered ineffectual by the Virtue and Perseverance of those against whom they were intended, if they in a proper Manner exerted that Virtue.

I was born about two Years after *Brunetta*, and was called *Sybella*: But my Mother was so taken up with her Darling *Brunetta*, that she gave herself not the least concern about me; and I was left wholly to the Care of my Father. In order to make the Gift she had extorted from her fond Husband as fatal as possible to her favourite Child, she took care in her Education (by endeavouring to cultivate in her the Spirit of Revenge and Malice against those who had in the least Degree offended her) to turn her Mind to all manner of Mischief; by which means she lived in a continual Passion.

My Father, as soon as I was old enough to hearken to Reason, told me of the Gift he had conferred on my Sister; said he could not retract it; and therefore, if she had any mischievous Designs against me, they must in some measure succeed; but he would endow me with a Power superior to this Gift of my Sister's, and likewise superior to any thing else that he was able to bestow, which was Strength and Constancy of Mind enough to bear patiently any Injuries I might receive; and

56 The STORY of the WONDERFUL-WAND.

this was a Strength, he said, which would not decay, but rather increafe, by every new Exercise of it: And to secure me in the possession of this Gift, he also gave me a perfect Knowledge of the true Value of every thing around me, by which means I might learn, whatever outward Accidents befel me, not to lose the greatest Blessing in this World, namely, a calm and contented Mind. He taught me so well my Duty, that I cheerfully obeyed my Mother in all things, though she seldom gave me a kind Word, or even a kind Look; for my spiteful Sister was always telling some Lyes to make her angry with me. But my Heart overflowed with Gratitude to my Father, that he should give me Leave to love him, whilst he instructed me that it was my Duty to pay him the most strict Obedience.

*Brunetta* was daily encouraged by her Mother to use me ill, and chiefly because my Father loved me; and although she succeeded in all her Designs of Revenge on me, yet she was very uneasy because she could not take away the Chearfulness of my Mind; for I bore with Patience whatever happened to me: And she would often say, Must I with all my Beauty, Power, and Wisdom, pretend to be happy and chearful? Then would she cry and stamp, and rave like a mad Creature, and set her Invention at Work to make my Mother beat me, or lock me up, or take from me some of my best Cloaths to give to her; yet still could not her Power extend to vex my Mind: And this used to throw her again into such Passions, as weakened her Health, and greatly impaired her so much boasted Beauty.

In this manner we lived, till on a certain Day, after *Brunetta* had been in one of her Rages with me for nothing, my Father came in and chid her for it; which when my Mother heard, she threw herself into such a violent Passion, that her Husband could not pacify her. And being big with Child,

the

THE STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 57

the Convulsions caused by her Passions, brought her to her Grave. Thus my Father lost her, by the same uncontrollable Excesses, to preserve her from the fatal Effects of which, he had before ruined his Daughter. He did not long survive her; but before he died, he gave me a little Wand, which by striking three Times on the Ground, he said would at any time produce me any Necessary or Convenience of Life, which I really wanted, either for myself, or the Assistance of others: And this he gave me, because he was very sensible, he said, that as soon as he was dead, my Sister would never rest till she had got from me both his Castle, and every thing that I had belonging to me in it. But, continued he, whenever you are driven from thence, bend your Course directly into the pleasant Wood *Ardella*; there strike with your Wand, and every thing you want will be provided for you. But keep this Wand a profound Secret, or *Brunetta* will get it from you; and then (though you can never, while you preserve your Patience be unhappy) you will not have it in your Power to be of so much Use as you would wish to be, to those who stand in Need of your Assistance. Saying these Words, he expired, as I kneeled by his Bed-side, attending his last Commands, and bewailing the Loss of so good a Father.

In the midst of this our Distress, we sent to my Uncle *Sochus*, my Father's Brother, to come to us, and to assist us in an equal Division of my deceased Father's Effects: But my Sister soon contrived to make him believe, that I was the wickedest Girl alive, and had always set my Father against her by my Art, which she said I pretended to call Wisdom; and by several handsome Presents she soon persuaded him (for he did not care a Farthing for either of us) to join with her in saying, That as she was the eldest Sister, she had a full Right to

the Castle, and every thing in it; but she told me I was very welcome to stay there, and live with her, if I pleased; and while I behaved myself well, she should be very glad of my Company.

As it was natural for me to love all People that would give me Leave to love them, I was quite overjoyed at this kind Offer of my Sister's, and never once thought on the Treachery she had so lately been guilty of: And I have since reflected, that happy was it for me, that Passion was so much uppermost with her, that she could not execute any Plot that required a Dissimulation of any long Continuance: For had her Good-humour lasted but one Four-and-twenty Hours, it is very probable that I should have opened my whole Heart to her; should have endeavoured to have begun a Friendship with her, and perhaps have betrayed the Secret of my Wand: But just as it was Sun-set, she came into the Room where I was, in the most violent Passion in the World, accusing me to my Uncle of Ingratitude to her great Generosity, in suffering me to live in her Castle. She said, 'That she had found me out, and that my Crimes were of the blackest Dye,' although she would not tell me either what they were, or who were my Accusers. She would not give me Leave to speak, either to ask what my Offence was, or to justify my Innocence: And I plainly perceived, that her pretended Kindness was designed only to make my Disappointment the greater; and that she was now determined to find me guilty, whether I pleaded or not. And after she had raved on for some time, she said to me with a Sneer, 'Since you have always boasted of your calm and contented Mind, you may now try to be contented this Night with the Softness of the Grass for your Bed; for here in my Castle you shall not stay one Moment longer.' And so saying, she and my Uncle led me

The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 59

me to the outer Court, and thrusting me with all their Force from them, they shut up the Gates, bolting and barring them as close as if to keep out a Giant; and left me at that time of Night, friendless, and as they thought, destitute of any Kind of Support.

I then remembered my dear Father's last Words, and made what Haste I could to this Wood, which is not above a Mile distant from the Castle; and being as I thought, about the Middle of it, I struck three Times with my Wand, and immediately up rose this Grove of Trees which you see, this House, and all the other Conveniencies which I now enjoy; and getting that very Night into this my plain and easy Bed, I enjoyed as sweet a Repose as ever I did in my Life, only delayed indeed a short Time, by a few Sighs for the Loss of so good a Parent, and the unhappy State of a self-tormented Sister, whose Slumbers, I fear, on a Bed of Down, were more restless and interrupted that Night than mine would have been, even had not my Father's Present of the Wand prevented me from the Necessity of using the Bed of Grass, which she in her Wrath allotted me. In this Grove which I call *Placid Grove*, is contained all that I want; and it is so well secured from any Invaders, by the thick Briars and Thorns which surround it, having no Entrance but through that tender Jessamine, that I live in no Apprehensions of any Disturbance, though so near my Sister's Castle. But once indeed, she came with a large Train, and whilst I was asleep, set Fire to the Trees all around me; and waking, I found myself almost suffocated with Smoke, and the Flames had reached one Part of my House. I started from my Bed, and striking on the Ground three Times with my Wand, there came such a Quantity of Water from the Heavens, as soon extinguished the Fire; and the next



60 The Story of the Wonderful Wand.

Morning, by again having recourse to my Wand, all Things grew up into their convenient and proper Order. When my Sister *Brunetta* found that I had such a supernatural Power at my Command, though she knew not what it was, she desisted ever attempting any more by Force to disturb me; and now only uses all sorts of Arts and Contrivances to deceive me, or any Persons whom I would wish to secure. One of my Father's daily Lessons to me was, that I should never omit any one Day of my Life endeavouring to be as serviceable as I possibly could to any Person in Distress. And I daily wander, as far as my Feet will carry me, in Search of any such; and hither I invite them to Peace, and calm Contentment. But my Father added also this Command, that I should never endeavour doing any farther Good to those, whom Adversity had not taught to hearken to the Voice of Reason, enough to enable them so to conquer their Passions, as not to think themselves miserable in a safe Retreat from Noise and Confusion. This was the Reason I could not gratify you in relating the History of my Life, whilst you gave Way to raging Passions, which only serve to blind your Eyes, and shut your Ears from Truth. But now, great Queen (for I know your State, from what you vented in your Grief) I am ready to endow this little Princess with any Gift in my Power, that I know will tend really to her Good: And I hope your Experience of the World has made you too reasonable to require any other.

The Queen considered a little while, and then desired *Sybilla* to endow the Princess with that only Wisdom, which would enable her to see and follow what was her own true Good, to know the Value of every thing around her, and to be sensible, that following the Paths of Goodness, and performing  
her

THE STORY OF THE WONDERFUL WAND. 61

her Duty, was the only Road to Content and Happiness.

*Sybella* was overjoyed at the Queen's Request, and immediately granted it, only telling the Princess *Juletta*, that it was absolutely necessary towards the Attainment of this great Blessing, that she should intirely obey the Queen her Mother, without ever pretending to examine her Commands; for 'True Obedience (said she) consists in Submission; and when we pretend to choose what Commands are proper and fit for us, we do not obey, but set up our own Wisdom in Opposition to our Governors: This, my dear *Juletta*, you must be very careful of avoiding, if you would be happy.' She then cautioned her against giving Way to the Persuasions of any of the young Shepherdesses thereabouts, who would endeavour to allure her to Disobedience, by striving to raise in her Mind a Desire of thinking herself wise, whilst they were tearing from her what was indeed true Wisdom. 'For (said *Sybella*) my Sister *Brunetta*, who lives in the Castle she drove me from (about a Mile from this Wood) endows young Shepherdesses with great Beauty, and every thing that is in Appearance amiable, and likely to allure away, and make wretched, those Persons I would preserve: And all the Wisdom with which I have endowed the Princess *Juletta*, will not prevent her falling into my Sister's Snares, if she gives the least Way to Temptation: For my Father's Gift to *Brunetta*, in her Infancy, enables her (as I told you) to succeed in all her Designs, except they are resisted by the Virtue of the Person she is practising against. Many poor Wretches has my Sister already decoyed away from me, whom she now keeps in her Castle; where they live in Splendor and seeming Joy, but in real Misery, from perpetual

62 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

‘petual Jars and Tumults, raised by Envy,  
‘Malice, and all the Train of tumultuous and  
‘tormenting Passions.’

The Princess *Juleta* said, she doubted not but she should be able to withstand any of *Brunetta*’s Temptations. Her Mother, interrupting her, cried out, ‘O, my dear Child, though you are endowed with Wisdom enough to direct you in the Way to Virtue ; yet, if you grow conceited, and proud of that Wisdom, and fancy yourself above Temptation, it will lead you into the worst of Evils.’ Here the Fairy interposed, and told the Princess *Juleta*, that if she would always carefully observe and obey her Mother, who had learned Wisdom in that best School Adversity, she would then, indeed, be able to withstand and overcome every Temptation ; and would likewise be happy herself, and able to dispense Happiness to all around her. Nothing was omitted by the Fairy to make this Retirement agreeable to her Royal Guests : And they had now passed near Seven Years in this delightful Grove, in perfect Peace and Tranquillity ; when one Evening, as they were walking in the pleasant Wood which surrounded their Habitation, they espied under the Shade, and leaning against the Bark, of a large Oak, a poor old Man, whose Limbs were withered and decayed, and whose Eyes were hollow, and sunk with Age and Misery. They stopped as soon as they saw him, and heard him in the Anguish of his Heart, with a loud Groan utter these Words. ‘When will my Sorrows end ? Where shall I find the good Fairy *Sybella* ?’ The Fairy immediately begged to know his Business with her ; and said, if his Sorrows would end on finding *Sybella*, he might set his Heart at Ease ; for she stood now before him, and ready to serve him, if his Distresses were such as would admit of Relief, and he could prove

The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 63

prove himself worthy of her Friendship. The old Man appeared greatly overjoyed at having found the Fairy, and began the following Story.

‘ I live from hence a Thousand Leagues. All this Way have I come in Search of you. My whole Life has been spent in amassing Wealth, to enrich one only Son, whom I doated on to Destruction. It is now five Years since I have given him up all the Riches I had laboured to get, only to make him happy. But, alas ! how am I disappointed ! His Wealth enables him to command whatever this World produces ; and yet the poorest Wretch that begs his Bread, cannot be more miserable. He spends his Days in Riot and Luxury ; has more Slaves and Attendants than wait in the Palace of a Prince ; and still he sighs from Morning till Night, because he says there is nothing in this World worth living for. All his Dainties only sate his Palate, and grow irksome to his Sight. He daily changes his Opinion of what is Pleasure ; and on the trial finds none that he can call such ; and then falls to sighing again, for the Emptiness of all that he has enjoyed. So that instead of being my Delight, and the Comfort of my old Age, sleepless Nights and anxious Days, are all the Rewards of my past Labours for him. But I have had many Visions and Dreams to admonish me, that if I would venture with my old Frame to travel a-foot, in search of the Fairy *Sybella*, she had a Glass, which if she shewed him, he would be cured of this dreadful Melancholy ; and I have borne the Labour and Fatigue of coming this long tiresome Way, that I may not breathe my last with the agonizing Reflection, that all the Labours of my Life have been thrown away. But what shall I say to engage you to go with me ? Can Riches tempt, or Praise allure you ?

‘ No



64 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

‘ No (answered the Fairy) neither of them has  
 ‘ Power to move me : But I compassionate your  
 ‘ Age ; and if I thought I could succeed, would  
 ‘ not refuse you. The Glas which I shall bid  
 ‘ him look in, will shew him his inward Self ;  
 ‘ but if he will not open both his Eyes and Heart  
 ‘ to Truth, to let him understand, that the Plea-  
 ‘ sures he pursues not only are not but cannot be  
 ‘ satisfactory, I can be of no sort of Service to him.  
 ‘ And know, old Man, that the Punishment you  
 ‘ now feel, is the natural Result of your not  
 ‘ having taught him this from his Infancy : For,  
 ‘ instead of heaping up Wealth, to allure him to  
 ‘ seek for Happiness from such deceitful Means,  
 ‘ you should have taught him that the only Path to  
 ‘ it was to be virtuous and good.’

The old Man said, He heartily repented of his  
 Conduct ; and then on his Knees so fervently im-  
 plored *Sybella's* Assistance, that at last she consented  
 to go with him. Then striking on the Ground  
 Three times with her Wand, the Car and Horses  
 rose up ; and placing the old Man by her, after  
 taking Leave of the Queen, and begging the  
 Princess *Juletta* to be careful to guard against all  
 Temptations to Disobedience, she set out on her  
 Journey.

The Queen and the Princess *Juletta* remained,  
 by the good Fairy's Desire, in her Habitation  
 during her Absence. They spent their Time in  
 Serenity and Content ; the Princess daily improv-  
 ing herself in Wisdom and Goodness, by hearken-  
 ing to her Mother's Instructions, and obeying all  
 her Commands, the Queen, in studying what  
 would be of most Use to her Child. She had now  
 forgot her Throne and Palace, and desired nothing  
 farther, than her present peaceful Retreat. One  
 Morning, as they were sitting in a little Arbour  
 at the Corner of a pleasant Meadow, on a sudden  
 they



**The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 65**

they heard a Voice much sweeter than they had ever heard, warble through the following Song.

**I.**

Virtue. soft Balm of ev'ry Woe,  
Of ev'ry Grief the Cure,  
'Tis thou alone that canst bestow  
Pleasures unmix'd and pure.

**II.**

The shady Wood; the verdant Mead,  
Are Virtue's flow'ry Road ;  
Nor painful are the Steps which lead  
To her Divine Abode.

**III.**

'Tis not in Palaces or Halls,  
She or her Train appear :  
Far off she flies from pompous Walls ;  
Virtue and Peace dwell here.

The Queen was all Attention, and at the End of the Song, she gazed around her, in Hopes of seeing the Person, whose enchanting Voice she had been so eagerly listening to ; when she espied a young Shepherdess, not much older than the Princess *Fuletta*, but possessed of such uncommon and dazzling Beauty, that it was some Time before she could disengage her Eyes from so agreeable an Object. As soon as the young Shepherdess found herself observed, she seemed modestly to offer to withdraw ; but the Queen begged her not to go till she had informed them who she was, that with such a commanding Aspect, had so much engaged them in her Favour.

The

66 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

The Shepherdesſ coming forward, with a baſſiful Bluſh, and profound Obeifance, answered, that her Name was *Rozella*, and ſhe was the Daughter of a neighbouring Shepherd and Shepherdeſs, who lived about a Quarter of a Mile from thence; and to confeſs the Truth, ſhe had wandered thither, in hopes of ſeeing the young Stranger, whoſe Fame for Beauty and Wiſdom had filled all that Country round.

The Princeſs *Juleſta*, well knowing of whom ſhe ſpoke, conceived from that Moment ſuch an Inclination for her Acquaintance, that ſhe begged her to ſtay, and ſpend that whole Day with them in *Placid Grove*. Here the Queen frowned upon her; for ſhe had, by the Fairy's Deſire, charged her never to bring any one, without her Permiſſion, into that peaceful Grove.

The young *Rozella* answered, that nothing could be more agreeable to her Inclinations; but ſhe muſt be at home by Noon; for ſo in the Morning had her Father commanded her, and never yet in her Life had ſhe either diſputed or diſobeyed her Parents Commands. Here the young Princeſs looked on her Mother with Eyes expreſſive of Joy, at finding a Companion, which ſhe, and even the Fairy herſelf, could not diſapprove.

When *Rozella* took her Leave, ſhe begged the Favour, that the little *Juleſta* (for ſo ſhe called her, not knowing her to be a Princeſs) might come to her Father's ſmall Cottage, and there partake ſuch homely Fare as it afforded: A Welcome, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could inſure her; and though poor, yet, from the Honesty of her Parents, who would be proud to entertain ſo rare a Beauty, ſhe was certain no ſort of Harm could happen to the pretty *Juleſta* from ſuch a friendly Viſit, and ſhe would be in the ſame Place again To-morrow, to meet her in hopes, as ſhe ſaid, to conduct her to her humble Habitation.

When

When *Roxella* was gone, the Queen, though highly possessed in her Favour, both by her Beauty and modest Behaviour, yet pondered some time on the Thought, whether or no she was a fit Companion for her Daughter. She remembered what *Sybella* had told her concerning *Brunetta's* adorning young Shepherdesses with Beauty, and other Excellencies, only to enable them to allure and intice others into Wickedness. *Roxella's* beginning her Acquaintance with the Princess, by Flattery, had no good Aspect; and the sudden Effect it had upon her, so as to make her forget, or wilfully disobey, her Commands, by inviting *Roxella* to *Placid Grove*, were Circumstances which greatly alarmed her. But, by the repeated Intreaties of the Princess, she gave her Consent that she should meet *Roxella* the next Day, and walk with her in that Meadow, and in the Wood; but upon no Account should go home with her, or bring *Roxella* back with her. The Queen then in gentle Terms, chid the Princess for her Invitation to the young Shepherdess, which was contrary to an absolute Command; and said, ' You must, my dear *Julietta*, be very careful to guard yourself extremely well against those Temptations, which wear the Face of Virtue, I know, that your sudden Affection to this apparent good Girl, and your desire of her Company, to partake with you the Innocent Pleasures of this happy Place, arise from a good Disposition: But where the Indulgence of the most laudable Passion, even Benevolence and Compassion itself, interferences with, or runs counter to your Duty, you must endeavour to suppress it, or it will fare with you, as it did with that Hen, who, thinking that she heard the Voice of a little Duckling in Distress, flew from her young ones, to go and give it Assistance, and following the Cry, came at last to an Hedge, out  
of

68 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

‘ of which jumped a subtle and wicked Fox, who  
 ‘ had made that Noise to deceive her, and devoured  
 ‘ her in an Instant. A Kite at the Time taking  
 ‘ Advantage of her Absence, carried away one by  
 ‘ one, all her little innocent Brood, robbed of that  
 ‘ Parent, who should have been their Protector.’  
 The Princess promised her Mother, that she would  
 punctually obey all her Commands, and be very  
 watchful and observant of every thing *Roxella* said  
 and did, till she had approved herself worthy of  
 her Confidence and Friendship.

The Queen the next Morning renewed her In-  
 junctions to her Daughter, that she should by no  
 means go farther out of the Wood than into the  
 Meadow, where she was to meet *Roxella*; and that  
 she should give her a faithful Account of all that  
 should pass between them.

They met according to Appointment, and the  
 Princess brought home so good an Account of their  
 Conversation, which the Queen imagined would  
 help to improve, rather than seduce her Child, that  
 she indulged her in the same Pleasure as often as she  
 asked it. They passed some Hours every Day  
 in walking round that delightful Wood, in which  
 were many small green Meadows, with little Ri-  
 vulets running through them, on the Banks of  
 which, covered with Primroses and Violets, *Roxella*  
 by the Side of her sweet Companion, used to sing  
 the most enchanting Songs in the World: The  
 Words were chiefly in Praise of Innocence, and a  
 Country Life.

The Princess came home every Day more and  
 more charmed with her young Shepherdess, and  
 recounted as near as she could remember, every  
 Word that passed between them. The Queen very  
 highly approved of their Manner of amusing them-  
 selves; but again enjoined her to omit nothing that  
 passed

The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 69

passed in Conversation, especially if it had the least Tendency towards alluring her from her Duty.

One Day, as the Princess *Juletta* and *Roxella* were walking alone and talking as usual of their own happy State, and the Princess was declaring how much her own Happiness was owing to her through Obedience to her Mother, *Roxella* with a Tone of Voice as half in Jest, said, 'But do not you think my little *Juletta*, that if I take a very great Pleasure in any thing that will do me no Hurt, though it is forbidden, I may disobey my Parents by enjoying it, provided I do not tell them of it to vex them with the Thoughts that I have disobeyed them? And then, my dear, what Harm is done?'

'Great Harm (answered the Princess, looking grave, and half angry) I am ashamed to hear you ask so, *Roxella*. Are you not guilty of Treachery, as well as Disobedience? Neither ought you to determine, that no Harm is done, because you do not feel the immediate Effects of your Transgression; for the Consequence may be out of our narrow unexperienced View: And I have been taught, whenever my Mother lays any Commands on me, to take it for granted, she has some Reason for so doing; and I obey her, without examining what those Reasons are; otherwise, it would not be obeying her, but setting up my own Wisdom, and doing what she bid me only when I thought proper.'

They held a long Argument on this Head, in which *Roxella* made use of many a Fallacy to prove her Point? but the Princess, as she had not yet departed from Truth, nor failed in her Duty, could not be imposed upon. *Roxella* seeing every Attempt to persuade her was vain, turned all her past Discourse into a Jest; said she had only a mind to try her; and was overjoyed to find her so steady in the



70 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

the Cause of Truth and Virtue. The Princess resumed her usual Chearfulness and good Humour, *Rozella* sung her a Song in Praise of Constancy of Mind; and they passed the rest of the Time they staid together as they used to do.

But, just before they parted, *Rozella* begged she would not tell her Mother of the first Part of the Conversation that passed between them. The Princess replied, that it would be breaking through one of her Mother's Commands; and therefore she dared not grant her Request. Then said *Rozella*, 'Here I must for ever part with my dear little *Juletta*. Your Mother, not knowing the Manner in which I spoke, will have an ill Opinion of me, and will never trust you again in my Company. Thus will you be torn from me; and my Loss will be irreparable.' These Words she accompanied with a Flood of Tears, and such little Tenderesses, as quite melted the Princess into Tears also. But she still said, that she could not dare to conceal from her Mother any thing that had happened, though she could not but own, she believed their Separation would be the Consequence. 'Well then (cried *Rozella*) I will endeavour to be contented, as our Separation will give you less Pain, than what you call this mighty Breach of your Duty: And though I would willingly undergo almost any Torments that could be invented, rather than be debarred one Moment the Company of my dearest *Juletta*; yet I will not expect that she should suffer the smallest Degree of Pain or Uneasiness, to save me from losing what is the whole Pleasure of my Life.'

The Princess could not bear the Thought of appearing ungrateful to such a warm Friendship as *Rozella* expressed; and without farther Hesitation, promised to conceal what she had said, and to undergo

derg  
Frien  
A  
enter  
Haste  
Moth  
confe  
Face  
Secre  
with  
Chea  
she an  
begge  
confer  
that I  
touch  
of losi  
in on  
Fair?  
Power  
contra  
She  
and to  
precee  
pass su  
would  
her Co  
to acqu  
passed  
' if we  
' and  
drew h  
imagin  
' migh  
' owing  
' know  
' conce  
' can v  
' when

The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 71

dergo any thing, rather than lose so amiable a Friend.

After this they parted. But when the Princess entered the Grove, she did not as usual, run with Haste and Joy into the Presence of her indulgent Mother; for her Mind was disturbed: She felt a conscious Shame on seeing her, and turned away her Face, in which she imagined she would see the Secret lurking in her Bosom. Her Mother observed with Concern her downcast Look, and Want of Cheerfulness: And asking what was the Matter, she answered, Her Walk had fatigued her, and she begged early to retire to Rest. Her Kind Mother consented: But little Rest had the poor Princess all that Night; for the Pain of having her Mind touched with Guilt, and the Fear she was under of losing her dear Companion, kept her Thoughts in one continued Tumult and confusion. The Fairy's Gift now became her Curse; for the Power of seeing what was right, as she had acted contrary to her Knowledge, only tormented her.

She Hastened the next Morning to meet *Rozella* and told her all that passed in her own Mind the preceeding Night; declaring that she would not pass such another for the whole World; but yet would not dispence with her Promise to her without her Consent; and therefore came to ask her Leave to acquaint her good Mother with all that had passed: 'For (said she) my dear *Rozella*, we must, if we would be happy, do always what is right, and trust for the Consequences,' Here *Rozella* drew her Features in the most contemptuous Sneer imaginable, and said, 'Pray, what are all these mighty Pains you have suffered? Are they not owing only to your Want of Sense enough to know, that you can do your Mother no Harm by concealing from her this, or any thing else that can vex her? And my dear Girl (continued she) when you have once entered into this Way of Thinking,

72 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

‘ Thinking, and have put this blind Duty out of your Head, you will spend no more such restless Nights, which you must see was intirely owing to your own Imaginations.’

This startled the Princess to such a Degree, that she was breaking from her ; but putting on a more tender Air, *Rozella* cried, ‘ And can you then, my dear *Julietta*, determine to give me up for such a trifling Consideration ?’ Then raising her Voice again, in a haughty manner, she said, ‘ I ought to despise and laugh at you for your Folly, or at best pity your Ignorance, rather than offer a sincere Friendship to one so undeserving.’

The Princess having once swerved from her Duty, was now in the Power of every Passion that should attack her.

Pride and Indignation, at the thought of being despised, bore more Sway with her, than her Affection to her fond Mother ; and she was now determined, she said, to think for herself, and make use of her own understanding, which, she was convinced, would always teach her what was right. Upon this *Rozella* took her by the Hand, and with Tears of Joy, said, ‘ Now, my dearest Girl, you are really wise, and cannot therefore (according to your own Rule) fail of being happy. But to shew that you are in earnest in this Resolution, you shall this Morning go home with me to my Father’s Cott : It is not so far off, but you will be back by the time your Mother expects you ; as that will be obeying the chief Command, it is but concealing from her the Thing that would vex her, and there will be no Harm done.’ Here a Ray of Truth broke in upon our young Princess ; but as a false Shame, and Fear of being laughed at, had now got possession of her, she with a soft Sigh, consented to the Proposal.

*Rozella*

*Roxella* led the Way. But just as they were turning round the Walk, which leads out of the Wood, a large Serpent darted from one Side out of a Thicket, directly between them; and turning its hissing Mouth towards the Princess, as seeming to make after her, she fled hastily back, and ran with all her Speed towards the Grove, and panting for Breath, flew into the Arms of her ever kind Protectress.

Her Mother was vastly terrified to see her tremble and look so pale; and as soon as she was a little recovered, asked her the Occasion of her Fright; and added (with Tears running down her Cheeks) 'I am afraid, my dear *Julietta*, some sad Disaster has befallen you; for indeed, my Child, I but too plainly saw last Night—'

Here the Princess was so struck with true Shame and Confusion for her past Behaviour, that she fell down upon her Knees, confessed the whole Truth, and implored Forgiveness for her Fault.

The Queen kindly raised her up, kissed and forgave her. 'I am overjoyed, my dear Child, (said she) at this your sweet Repentance, though the Effect of mere Accident, as it appears; but sent without doubt, by some good Fairy to save you from Destruction: And I hope you are thoroughly convinced, that the Serpent which drove you home, was not half so dangerous as the false *Roxella*.'

The Princess answered, That she was thoroughly sensible of the Dangers she had avoided; and hoped she never should again, by her own Folly and Wickedness, deserve to be exposed to the Danger from which she had so lately escaped.

Some Days passed without the Princess's offering to stir out of the Grove; and in that time she gave a willing and patient Ear to all her Mother's Instructions, and seemed thoroughly sensible of the

great Deliverance she had lately experienced. But yet there appeared in her Countenance an Uneasiness, which the Queen wishing to remove, asked her the Cause of it.

‘ It is, my dear Madam, (answered the Princess) because I have not yet had it in my Power to convince you of my Repentance, which, though I know it to be sincere you have had no Proof of, but in Words only ; and indeed my Heart longs for an Occasion to shew you, that I am now able to resist any Allurement which would tempt me from my Duty ; and I cannot be easy till you have given me an Opportunity of shewing you the Firmness of my Resolution ; and if you will give me Leave to take a Walk in the Wood alone, this Evening I shall return to you with Pleasure, and will promise not to exceed any Bounds that you shall prescribe.’

The Queen was not much pleased with this Request ; but the Princess was so earnest with her to grant it, that she could not well refuse, without seeming to suspect her Sincerity ? which she did not, but only feared for her Safety ; and giving her a strict Charge not to stir a Step out of the Wood, or to speak to the false *Rozella*, if she came in her Way, she reluctantly gave her Consent.

The Princess walked through all the flowery Labyrinths, in which she had so often strayed with *Rozella*, but she was so shocked with the Thoughts of her Wickedness, that she hardly gave a Sigh for the Loss of a Companion once so dear to her : And as a Proof that her Repentance was sincere, though she heard *Rozella* singing in an Arbour (on purpose perhaps to decoy her) she turned away without the least Emotion and went quite to the other side of the Wood ; where looking into the Meadow, in which she first beheld that false Friend, she saw a Girl about her own Age, leaning against a Tree,  
and



THE STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 75

and crying most bitterly. But the Moment she came in Sight the young Shepherdes (for such by her Dress she appeared to be) cried out, 'O help, dear young Lady help me; for I am tied here to this Tree, by the spiteful Contrivance of a wicked young Shepherdes, called *Rozella*: My Hands too you see, are bound behind me, so that I cannot myself unloose the Knot; and if I am not released, here must I lie all Night: And my wretched Parents will break their Hearts, for fear some unlucky Accident should have befallen their only Child, their poor unhappy *Florimel*!'

The Princess hearing her speak of *Rozella* in that manner, had no Suspicion of her being one of that false Girl's deluding Companions; but rather thought that she was a Fellow-sufferer with herself; and therefore, without any Consideration of the Bounds prescribed, she hastened to release her, and even thought that we should give great Pleasure in telling her Mother, that she had saved a poor young Shepherdes from *Rozella*'s Malice, and restored her to her fond Parents. But as soon as she had unloosed the Girl from the Tree, and unbound her Hands, instead of receiving Thanks for what she had done, the wicked *Florimel* burst into a Laugh, and suddenly snatched from the Princess *Juletta*'s Side her Father's Picture, which she always wore hanging in a Ribband, and ran away with it as fast as she could, over the Meadow.

The Princess was so astonished at this strange Piece of Ingratitude and Treachery, and was so alarmed for fear of losing what she knew her Mother so highly valued, that hardly knowing what she was about, she pursued *Florimel* with all her Speed; begging and intreating her not to bereave her so basely and ungratefully of that Picture, which she would not part with for the World: But it was all to no Purpose; for *Florimel* continued her Flight,

76 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

and the Princess her Pursuit, till they arrived at *Brunetta's* Castle Gate; where the Fairy herself appeared dressed and adorned in the most becoming Manner, and with the most bewitching Smile that can come from dazzling Beauty, inviting the Princess to enter her Castle (into which *Florimel* was run to hide herself) and promised her on that Condition, to make the idle Girl restore the Picture.

It was now so late, that it was impossible for the Princess to think of returning home that Night; and the pleasing Address of *Brunetta*, together with the Hopes of having her Picture restored, soon prevailed with her to accept of the Fairy's Invitation.

The Castle glittered with gaudy Furniture; sweet Music was heard in every Room; the whole Company who were all of the most beautiful Forms that could be conceived, strove who should be most obliging to this their new Guest. They omitted nothing that could amuse and delight the Senses. And the Princess *Juletta* was so entranced with Joy and Rapture, that she had not time for Thought, or for the least serious Reflection: And she now began to think, that she had attained the highest Happiness upon Earth.

After they had kept her three Days in this Round of Pleasure and Delight, they began to pull off the Mask: Nothing was heard but Quarrels, Jars, and galling Speeches: Instead of sweet Music, the Apartments were filled with Screams and Howling; for every one giving way to the most outrageous Passions, they were always doing each other some malicious Turn, and one universal Horror and Confusion reigned.

The Princess was hated by all, and was often asked, with insulting Sneers, why she did not return to her peaceful Grove, and condescending Mother? But her Mind having been thus turned  
aside

THE STORY OF THE WONDERFUL WAND. 77

aside from what was right, could not bear the Thoughts of returning; and though by her daily Tears she shewed her Repentance, Shame prevented her return: But this again, was not the right Sort of Shame; for then she would humbly have taken the Punishment due to her Crime; and it was rather a stubborn Pride; which as she knew herself so highly to blame, would not give her Leave to suffer the Confusion of again confessing her Fault; and till she could bring herself to such a State of Mind, there was no Remedy for her Misery.

The Queen in the mean time, suffered for the Loss of her Child more than Words can express, till the good Fairy *Sybella* returned. The Queen burst into Tears at the Sight of her; but the Fairy immediately cried out, 'You may spare yourself my Royal Guest, the Pain of relating what has happened. I know it all; for that old Man, whom I took such Pity on, was a Phantom, raised by *Brunetta*, to allure me hence, in order to have an opportunity, in my Absence, of seducing the Princess from her Duty. She knew nothing but a probable Story could impose on me; and therefore raised that Story of the Misery of the old Man's Son (from Motives which too often, indeed, cause the Misery of Mortals) as knowing I should think it my Duty to do what I could to relieve such a Wretch. I will not tell you of all my Journey, nor what I have gone through.' I know your Mind is at present too much fixed on the Princess, to attend to such a Relation: I will only tell you what concerns yourself. When the Phantom found, that by no Distress he could disturb my Mind, he said he was obliged to tell the Truth; what was the Intention of my being deluded from home, and what had happened since; and then vanished

78 The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND.

'away.' Here the Fairy related to the Queen every thing that had happened to the Princess, as has already been told; and concluded with saying, that she would wander about the Castle-Walls (for *Brunetta* had no Power over her) and if she could get a Sight of the Princess, she would endeavour to bring her to a true Sense of her Fault, and then she might again be restored to Happiness.

The Queen blessed the Fairy for her Goodness; and it was not long before *Sybella's* continual Affidity got her a Sight of the Princess; for she often wandered a little Way towards that Wood she had once so much delighted in, but never could bring herself to enter into it; the Thought of seeing her injured Mother made her start back, and run half wild into the fatal Castle. *Roxella* used frequently to throw herself in the Way; and on hearing her Sighs, and seeing her Tears, would burst into a sneering Laugh at her Folly; to avoid which Laugh, the poor Princess first suffered herself to throw off all her Principles of Goodness and Obedience, and was now fallen into the very Contempt she so much dreaded.

The first Time the Fairy got sight of her, she called to her with the most friendly Voice; but the Princess stung to the Soul with the sight of her, fled away, and did not venture out again for several Days. The kind *Sybella* began almost to despair of regaining her lost Child; but never failed walking round the Castle many Hours every Day. And one Evening, just before the Sun set, she heard within the Gates a loud tumultuous Noise, but more like riotous Mirth, than the Voice either of Rage or Anger; and immediately she saw the Princess rush out at the Gate, and about a Dozen Girls laughing and shouting, running after her. The poor Princess flew with all her Speed, till she came to a little Arbour, just by the Side of a Wood;

The STORY of the WONDERFUL WAND. 79

Wood ; and her Pursuers, as they intended only to teaze her, did not follow her very close ; but, as soon as they lost Sight of her, returned all back again to the Castle.

*Sybella* went directly into the Arbour, where she found the little Trembler, prostrate on the Ground, crying and sobbing as if her Heart was breaking. The Fairy seized her Hand, and would not let her go, till she had prevailed with her to return to the *Placid Grove*, to throw herself once more at her Mother's Feet, assuring her that nothing but this humble State of Mind would cure her Misery, and restore her wonted Peace.

The Queen was filled with the highest Joy to see her Child ; but restrained herself so much, that she shewed not the least Sign of it, till she had seen her some time prostrated at her Feet, and had heard her with Tears properly confess, and ask pardon for all her Faults. She then raised, and once more forgave her ; but told her that she must learn more Humility, and Distrust of herself, before she should again expect to be trusted.

The Princess made no Answer ; but by a modest downcast Look expressed great Concern, and true Repentance ; and in a short time recovered her former Peace of Mind : and as she never afterwards disobeyed her indulgent Mother, she daily increased in Wisdom and Goodness.

After having lived in the most innocent and peaceable Manner for three Years, (the Princess being just turned of Eighteen Years old) the Fairy told the Queen, that she would now tell her some News of her Kingdom, which she had heard in her Journey : Namely, that her Brother-in-law had made Proclamation throughout the Kingdom, of great Rewards to any one who should produce the Queen, and the Princess *Juleta*, whom he would immediately reinstate in the Throne.



The Princess *Juletta* was by when she related this; and said she begged to lead a private Life, and never more be exposed to the Temptation of entering into Vice, for which she had already so severely smarted.

The Fairy told her, that since she doubted herself, she was now fit to be trusted: 'For (said she) I did not like your being so sure of resisting Temptation, when first I conferred on you the Gift of Wisdom. But you will, my Princess, if you take the Crown have an Opportunity of doing so much Good, that if you continue virtuous, you will have perpetual Pleasures; for Power made a right Use of, is indeed a very great Blessing.'

The Princess answered, that if the Queen her Mother, thought it her Duty to take the Crown, she would cheerfully submit, though a private Life should be otherwise her Choice.

The Queen replied, that she did not blame her for chusing a private Life; but she thought she could not innocently refuse the Power that would give her such Opportunities of doing Good, and making others happy; since by that Refusal, the Power might fall into Hands that would make an ill Use of it.

After this Conversation, they got into the same Car, in which they travelled to the Wood of *Ardella*, arrived safely at the City of *Algorada*, and the Princess *Juletta* was seated with universal Consent, on her Father's Throne; where she and her People were reciprocally happy, by her great Wisdom and Prudence: And the Queen Mother spent the remainder of her Days in Peace and Joy, to see her beloved Daughter prove a Blessing to such Numbers of human Creatures; whilst she herself enjoyed that only true Content and Happiness this World can produce; namely—A peaceable Conscience, and a quiet Mind,

T H E

T H E  
S T O R Y  
O F T H E  
K I N G A N D F A I R Y R I N G .

**T**HERE was a King, whose Name was *Alferute* ; feared by all his Neighbours, and loved by all his Subjects. He was wise, good, just and valiant ; and deficient in no Quality, requisite in a great Prince. A Fairy came to him one Day, and told him that he would soon find himself plunged into great Difficulties, if he did not make use of the Ring, which she then put on his Finger. When he turned the Stone of the Ring to the Inside of his Hand he became Invisible ; and when he turned the Diamond outward he became Visible again.

He was mightily pleased with this Present ; and soon grew sensible of the inestimable Value of it. When he suspected any one of his Subjects, he went into that Man's House and Closet, with his Diamond turned inward, and heard and saw all the Secrets of the Family, without being per-

82 The STORY of the KING and FAIRY RING.

ceived. When he mistrusted the Designs of any Neighbouring Potentate, he would take a long Journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private Counsels, and learn every thing, without the fear of being discovered. By this means, he easily prevented every Intention to his prejudice; he frustrated several Conspiracies formed against his Person; and disconcerted all the Measures of his Enemies for his Overthrow.

Nevertheless, he was not thoroughly satisfied with his Ring: And he requested of the Fairy the Power of conveying himself, in an Instant, from one Country to another; that he might make a more convenient and ready Use of the enchanted Ring. The Fairy replied, You ask too much: Let me conjure you not to covet a Power, which I foresee, will one Day be the Cause of your Misery; though the Particular Manner thereof be concealed from me. The King would not listen to her Intreaties; but still urged his Request. Since then you will have it so (said she) I must necessarily grant you a Favour, of which you will dearly repent. Hereupon, she chafed his Shoulders with a fragrant Liquor: When, immediately he perceived little Wiugs shooting at his Back. These little Wings were not discernable under his Habit: And when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his Hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the Air, swifter than an Eagle. When he had no farther occasion for his Wings, with a touch they shrunk again to so small a Size, as to lie concealed under his Garment.

By this Magic, *Alfarute* was able to translate himself, in a few Moments, wherever he pleased. He knew every Thing: and no Man could conceive how he came by his Intelligence: For he would often retire into his Closet, and pretend to  
be

The STORY of the KING and FAIRY RING. 83  
be shut up there the whole Day, with strict Orders not to be disturbed: Then making himself invisible with his Ring, he would enlarge his Wings with a Touch, and traverse vast Countries. By this Power he entered into very extraordinary Wars: and never failed to triumph. But, as he continually saw into the Secrets of Men, he discovered so much Wickedness and Dissimulation, that he could no longer place a Confidence in any Man. The more redoubted and powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found, that even they to whom he had been most bountiful, had no Gratitude nor Affection toward him.

In this disconsolate Condition, he resolved to search through the wide World, till he found a Woman compleat in Beauty and all good Qualities, willing to be his Wife; one who would love him, and study to make him happy. Long did he search in vain: And as he saw all, without being seen, he discovered the most hidden Wiles and Failing of the Sex. He visited all the Courts; where he found the Ladies insincere, fond of Admirers, and so enamoured with their own Persons, that their Hearts were not capable of entertaining any true Love for a Husband. He went likewise into all the private Families: He found one was of an inconstant, volatile Disposition; another was Cunning and Artful; a third, Haughty: a fourth, Capricious; almost all Faithless, Vain, and full of Idolatory to their own Charms.

Under these Disappointments, he resolved to carry his Enquiry through the lowest Conditions of Life. Whereupon, at last he found the Daughter of a poor Labourer, fair as the brightest Morning, but simple and ingenuous in all her Beauty; which she disregarded; and which in reality, was the least of her Perfections: For she had an Understanding and a Virtue, which outshone all the

84 The STORY of the KING and FAIRY RING.

Graces of her Person. All the Youth of the Neighbourhood were impatient to see her; and more impatient after they had seen her, to obtain her in Marriage: None doubting of being compleatly happy with such a Wife.

King *Alfarute* beheld her; and he loved her. He demanded her of the Father; who was transported with the Thoughts of his Daughter becoming a great Queen. *Clarinda* (so she was called) went from her Father's Hut into a magnificent Palace; where she was received by a numerous Court. She was not dazled, nor disconcerted, at the sudden Change: She preserved her Simplicity, her Modesty, her Virtue, and forgot not the Place of her Birth, when she was in the Height of her Glory. The King's Affection for her encreased daily; and he believed, he should at last arrive at perfect Happiness: Neither was he already far from it; so much did he begin to confide in the Goodness of his Queen. He often rendered himself invisible to observe her, and to surprize her: But, he never discovered any Thing in her that was not worthy of his Admiration. So that now there was but a very small Remainder of Jealousy and Distrust, blended with his Love.

The Fairy who had foretold the fatal Consequences of his last Request, came so often to warn him, that he thought her Importunity troublesome. Therefore, he gave Orders, that she should no longer be admitted into the Palace; and enjoined the Queen not to receive her Visits, for the future. The Queen promised to obey his Commands; but not without much Unwillingness because she loved this good Fairy.

It happened one Day, when the King was upon a Progress, that the Fairy desirous to instruct the Queen in Futurity, entered her Apartment in the Appearance of a young Officer: and immediately declared,

The S  
decla  
upon  
The l  
and v  
his S  
piring  
refum  
know  
Innoc  
But th  
comfo  
last V  
die w  
To  
put h  
which  
and d  
The  
Bitter  
lation  
Tom

Th  
ter i  
viewi  
Dang



THE STORY of the KING and FAIRY RING. 8;  
declared in a Whisper, who she was: Where-  
upon, the Queen embraced her with Tendernefs.  
The King who was then invifible, perceived it,  
and was instantly fired with Jealoufy. He drew  
his Sword, and pierced the Queen; who fell ex-  
piring into his Arms. In that Moment the Fairy  
refumed her true Shape, whereupon, the King  
knew her, and was convinced of the Queen's  
Innocence. Then would he have killed himfelf:  
But the Fairy with-held his Hand; and ftrove to  
comfort him: When the Queen, breathing out her  
laft Words, faid, though I die by your Hand, I  
die wholly yours.

Too late, now *Alfarute* curfed his Folly, that  
put him upon wrefling a Boon from the Fairy,  
which proved his Mifery. He returned the Ring;  
and defired his Wings might be taken from him.  
The remaining Days of his Life, he paffed in  
Bitternefs and Grief: knowing no other Confo-  
lation, but to weep perpetually over *Clarinda's*  
Tomb.

#### THE M O R A L.

This Tale evinces the Folly of taking any Mat-  
ter in too Jealous a View; and that by too eafy  
viewing the wrong road, we involve ourfelves in  
Dangers and Miffortune.

THE

T H E  
S T O R Y  
O F T H E

Princess Fair-Star and Prince Chery.

**T**HERE was a Princess, who having undergone several great Misfortunes, had nothing left of all her past Grandeur, but two rich Suits of Cloaths the one of Velvet enbroidered with Pearls, and the other of Cloth of Gold covered over with Diamonds, which she kept as long as she could: But the extreme Necessity she was reduced to, obliged her often to sell a Pearl or Diamond privately, to support her Equipage. She was a Widow, and had three Daughters, all very handsome: she thought if she brought them up in the Grandeur and State suitable to their Rank, they would become afterwards more sensible of their Misfortunes. Thereupon she determined to sell that little she had left, and go and settle in some Country where they might live cheap: But by the Way, going over a large Forest, she was robbed of almost all she had. This poor Princess, after this last Misfortune, which was greater than all that had befallen her before, knew she must now either earn her

her Bread or starve: And as she all her Life-time had taken great delight in Cookery, and having a small Kitchen furnished with golden Plate, which she used to divert herself in, that which she used to do before for her Pleasure, she was now forced to undertake for her Livelihood. She took a pretty little House nigh a great City, and made the best Fricassees and Ragouts imaginable; insomuch that she had a considerable Trade, and acquired great Fame of being an excellent Cook. In the mean Time her three Daughters grew up, and their Beauty without doubt, had reached the Ears of the Court, had not their Mother kept them up in their Chamber. When one Day there came a little old Woman, who seemed to be very much tired, and leaning on a Stick, her Body very feeble, and her Skin all wrinkled and shrivelled; 'I am come (said she) to make one good Meal before I leave this World, that I may brag I have had one; therefore (said she again to the Princess, drawing herself a Chair to the Fire-side, get me something nice, and make haste.' As she had at that Time her Hands fully employed, and could not do all herself, she called her three Daughters down, whose Names were *Lucina, Diana, and Linda*; who were dressed like Country Girls in Bodice and Petticoats, all of different Colours; but the youngest was the handsomest and the best natured. The Princess their mother ordered one to go take some Pidgeons, another to kill some Pullets, and the third to make some Paste. In short, two or three Courses were presently served up, and set before the old Woman with clean Linen, good Wine, and every Thing in nice Order; which made her eat and drink with an extraordinary Appetite. When she had done, she got up, and said to the Princess, 'Honest Friend, had I any Money, I would pay you: but I have been poor these many Years, and  
' wanted

88 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

‘ wanted so kind an Entertainment as you have  
 ‘ given me ; all that I can do, is to wish you bet-  
 ‘ ter Customers than I have been.’ The Princess  
 smiled, and replied, ‘ Well, Mother, do not trouble  
 ‘ yourself, I am always well rewarded if I can but  
 ‘ please.’ And said *Linda*, ‘ We are glad it was  
 ‘ in our Power to serve you ; if you will sup here  
 ‘ too, you shall be welcome. ‘ O ! (cried the old  
 ‘ Woman) how happy are they who have such ge-  
 ‘ nerous Souls ! But do not you think of receiving  
 ‘ some Recompence ? Well, (continued she) assure  
 ‘ yourselves, that the first Wish you make without  
 ‘ thinking of me, shall be compleated.’ Then she  
 went away, leaving them some Reasons to believe  
 her to be a Fairy.

This Adventure surprized them ; they had never  
 seen a Fairy before, and were frightened. Insomuch  
 that for five or six Months after, they could not  
 forbear talking of her ; and whenever they wished  
 for any thing, she was always present in their  
 Thoughts, so that they came to nothing, which  
 made them very angry with the Fairy. When one  
 Day the King going a hunting, resolved to call at  
 their House to see if the Princess was as notable  
 a Cook, as she was represented to be. The three  
 Sisters were in the Garden gathering Strawberries  
 when he passed by. ‘ Ah ! (said *Lucina*) was I so  
 ‘ happy as to marry the Admiral, I boast that I  
 ‘ could spin Thread enough to make Sails for his  
 ‘ whole Navy.’ ‘ And I (said *Diana*) was my  
 ‘ Fortune so good that I should marry the King’s  
 ‘ Brother, I could work Lace enough with my  
 ‘ Needle to hang his Palace.’ ‘ And I (said  
 ‘ *Linda*) would the King have me, boast at the End  
 ‘ of nine Months to bring him forth two fine Boys  
 ‘ and a Girl, with Stars in their Foreheads, and a  
 ‘ Chain of Gold about their Necks ; from whose  
 ‘ Hair, hanging on curious Rings, should drop va-  
 ‘ luable

' luable Jewels. One of the King's Favourites  
 overhearing their Discourse, went and informed the  
 King thereof, who ordered them to come to him.  
 When they entered the Room where the King was,  
 which they did with all Respect and Modesty, he  
 asked them, whether what he had been told of  
 their Discourse about Husbands was true, or not?  
 At which they blushed, and hung down their Heads:  
 but upon his pressing them farther, they owned  
 it was. ' Certainly (said he) I know not what Power  
 ' influences me, but I will not stir from hence till  
 ' I have married the fair *Linda*.' ' Then, Sir,  
 ' (said his Brother) you will give me Leave to marry  
 ' the lovely *Diana*.' ' And I live not without  
 ' Hopes (said the Admiral) but your Majesty will  
 ' consent to my Happiness, in espousing *Lucina*,  
 ' with whom I am charmed.' The King, pleased  
 that two of the greatest Persons in his Dominions  
 should follow his Example, approved their Choice,  
 and asked their Mother's Consent; who answered  
 it was too great an Honour and Happiness for her to  
 refuse: And then the King, Prince, and Admiral,  
 kissed her.

Just when the King was going to Dinner, a Ta-  
 ble came down the Chimney, whereon were seven  
 golden Dishes of all Manner of Rarities, which the  
 King eat heartily of; the Beaufet was ranged full  
 of Gold Plate, and a fine Symphony played all the  
 Time, which made the King imagine it to be a  
 Piece of Witchcraft: When the Princess, guessing  
 that it was owing to the Fairy, assured him it was  
 not, and blessed the Hour she entertained the little  
 old Woman. After the Repast was over, which  
 was so long, that Night surprized them all at Ta-  
 ble; at which his Majesty was somewhat ashamed,  
 for it seemed as if Bacchus ruled at his Wedding  
 more than Cupid: the King pulled a Ring off his  
 Finger, and put it on *Linda's*; and the Prince  
 and



90 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

and Admiral did the same: After which all the King's Retinue saluted as became them, both the Queen and Princess: But for *Lucina*, she had not so much Respect shewn her; for though she was the eldest Sister, she was the worst married. The King sent a Gentleman of his Bedchamber to inform the Queen his Mother of what had happened, and to send Coaches to fetch the Queen *Linda* and her two Sisters. When the Queen-Mother, who was the most cruel of all Women, knew that the King and Prince were married so suddenly, and besides, the two Girls of obscure Birth, she flew into such a Passion, as frightened the whole Court. Then asking the Gentleman the Reasons that induced the King to such a base Marriage, and being told the Hopes of having two Boys and a Girl with Stars on their Foreheads, &c. she laughed disdainfully at her Son's Credulity, and said all the most inveterate Things her Rage could invent. When the Coaches came, the King invited his Mother-in-law to go along with them; assuring her, that she should be looked upon with all Manner of Distinction. But she comparing a Court to the rolling of the Waves in a rough Sea, told him she had had too much experience of the World, to forsake a quiet Life. 'Why (replied the King) you do not intend to follow your Business?' 'No, replied she' 'Then (added he) give me leave to appoint you an Equipage and Attendants.' 'I thank you, Sir' (answered she) 'when I am alone, I have none to disturb my Repose; and had I a large Family of Domestic, there would not fail of some to incommode me.' The King admired the Sense and Discretion of a Woman, who both thought and spoke like a Philosopher. But while he was pressing his Mother-in-law to go along with him, *Lucina* went and hid all the Vessels of Gold that were in the Beaufet, in the Bottom of the Chariot; all which  
the

the Fairy turned into earthen Ware, when she arrived at Court, and came to put them into her Closet.

The King and Queen embraced the prudent Princess with all Tenderness, and assured her she might command whatever lay in their Power; and leaving this Rural Abode, came to Town, preceded by Trumpets, Hautboys and Kettle-Drums. The Creatures of the Queen-Mother advised her to disguise her Resentment, lest she should anger the King, and that might produce fatal Consequences. She approved thereof, constrained herself and shewed a great Friendship for these her two Daughters-in-law, making them presents of Jewels, and complimenting them. The fair Queen and the Princess *Diana*, were united by a strict Friendship; but *Lucina* hated them mortally for their good Fortune.' 'What (said she to herself) must I, who am the Elder, and think myself a thousand Times handsomer than either of them; must I be only the Wife of an Admiral, who perhaps loves me not so well as he ought! and shall they be, one a Queen and the other a Princess, and be adored by their Husbands! Ye Gods, it is intolerable!' And this Envy to her Sisters made her enter into the Queen Mother's Measures; for every body knew that the Tenderness she shewed her Daughters-in-law was all Dissimulation, and that she only wanted an Opportunity of doing them all imaginable Mischief.

The Queen and Princess both proved with Child, and by ill Fortune a War happened, which obliged the King to put himself at the Head of his Troops. The young Queen and the Princess, finding that they must be left in the Power of the Queen-Mother, desired they might return Home to their own Mother, which would be some Comfort to them, for the Loss of their dear Spouses; But the King could

could not be brought to consent to it; he conjured his beloved *Linda* to stay at her Palace and assured her his Mother should use her well. Accordingly he desired her in the most pressing Manner, to love and take Care of her Daughter-in-law, telling her that therein she would oblige him most sensibly; and that he hoped for most beautiful Children, and should long with the utmost Expectation to hear the News. This wicked Queen, overjoyed that her Son should entrust her with his Wife, promised him every thing he desired, and assured him he might be easy upon that Score. The King through his Desire of a quick Return, hazarded his Troops in all Rencontres; and his Happiness was, that by his Rashness he succeeded: But before he could finish the Campaign, the Queen was brought to Bed, as was also the Princess her Sister, on the same Day, of a lovely Boy; but he died in the Birth. *Lucina's* Thoughts were wholly employed how she might injure the Queen: and when she saw such charming Children, and that she herself had none, her Rage encreased, and she resolved to speak soon to the Queen-Mother, for there was no Time to lose. 'Madam (said she) I am so deeply touched with the Honour your Majesty has done me, by letting me share some Part of your Esteem, that I willingly would do any Thing, tho' against the Interest of my own Family, to obey you. I am not Ignorant of the great Displeasures you have conceived of the base Marriages of the King and Prince; and here are four Children born to perpetuate the Crime: Our Mother is but a poor Country Woman, who had scarcely a bit of Bread to put in her Mouth, when she betook her to be a Cook. Take my Advice, Madam, let us make a Fricassee of these young Men, and put them out of the World, before they make you blush' Ah! how much I love thee, my dear

' *Lucina,*

PRIN  
' *Lucin*  
' and  
' alrea  
' pose,  
' Neve  
' have  
' Dogs  
' and I  
' Quee  
' Crea  
' dren,  
' Project  
' order  
' fetch th  
' and La  
' put the  
' *Lucina,*  
' come  
' have  
' up th  
' Now  
' my S  
' with  
' Gold  
' Nurs  
' of, v  
' The  
' this M  
' Grief;  
' the wh  
' most b  
' las, t  
' whic  
' Gods  
' Mot  
' myse  
' me;  
' me b

'*Lucina* (said the Queen) for being so equitable, and partaking with me my just Grief? I had already determined to execute what you now propose, but then, the Manner how perplexes me.' Never let that trouble you (replied *Lucina* ; I have a little Bitch that has just puppi'd two little Dogs and a Bitch, with Stars on their Foreheads, and Rings about their Necks : We must make the Queen believe that she has been delivered of these Creatures, and make away with her three Children, and that of the Princess deceased.' The Project was approved by the inhuman Queen, who ordered *Feinisa*, one of her Maids of Honor, to fetch the Welps, and dress them in as fine Linen and Laces as the Queen's Children should be, and put them into the Cradles ; then she, followed by *Lucina*, went and paid the Queen a Visit : ' I am come to wish you Joy (said she) of the Heirs you have brought forth to my Son ; methinks (holding up the Whelps) their Heads will become a Crown: Now I am not amazed at the Promise you made my Son of bringing two Sons and a Daughter, with Stars on their Foreheads, and Collars of Gold about their Necks. Here take them, and Nurse them yourself, for no Woman, that I know of, will ever give their Breasts to them to suck.

The poor Queen surprized at the Relation of this Misfortune, had like to have died away with Grief ; and when she perceived it was true, seeing the whole litter lie yelping upon the Bed, cried most bitterly : Then clapping her Hands, said. ' Alas, Madam, add no Reproaches to my Affliction, which of itself is already too great: Had the Gods permitted me to die, rather than be the Mother of such Monsters, I should have thought myself too happy, Alas! what will become of me ; the King will hate me as much as he loved me before.' Here her Sighs and Sobblings interrupted

94 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

rupted her, and her Speech failed her; when the Queen-Mother, continuing her Reflections, had the Pleasure of passing away three Hours by her Bed-side, and then went away. Her Sister who pretended to partake of her Grief, told her she was not the first that had had such Misfortunes; that she plainly saw it was a Trick of the old Fairy's, who had promised such Wonders: and that as it might be dangerous for her to see the King, she advised her to go home to her Mother with her three Whelps, and believe herself the Mother of them. The old Queen ordered *Feintisa* to take the four Children and strangle them, and after that bury them carefully, that she might not be discovered: But just as she was going to execute that fatal Commission, and had the Cord about their Necks, she looked some Time earnestly upon them, and seeing the Stars in their Foreheads, which she thinking might portend something extraordinary, she durst not lay criminal Hands upon them, but put them in their Cradle aboard a little Boat, and with some Jewels committed them to the mercy of the Seas. The Boat was soon forced from the Shore by the Wind, which at that Time was very boisterous, and was got presently out of Sight: the Waves swelled as high as Mountains, the Sun was darkened by thick Clouds, and the Air was rent with violent Claps of Thunder, attended with great Lightnings, insomuch that *Feintisa* doubted not in the least but that the Boat was cast away, and these Infants perished; at which she conceived no small Joy, she having had all along a Dread, lest something should happen in their Favour.

The King, whose thoughts were always on his dear Spouse, and the Condition he left her in, having concluded a Truce for some Time, returned with all Speed home, and arrived about Twelve Hours after her Delivery. The Queen Mother met him,



PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY. 95

him, and with a compos'd Air: full of Grief, held him a long Time in her Arms, wetting his Face with her Tears, and seeming as if her Sorrow prevented her Speech. The King, all trembling, durst not ask her what had happened, for he doubted not but it was some very great Misfortune. But at last, she making as if she us'd some great Effort on herself, told him that his Queen was brought to bed of three Whelps, which *Feintisa* immediately presented to him; and *Lucina*, falling on her Knees, begged of him not to put her Sister to Death, but to send her back to her Mother; which she said, she should take as a great Favour. The King was so struck and confounded, that he could hardly breathe, and looking on the Whelps, and observing with Surprise, the Star on their Foreheads, and the White Ring about their Necks, he fell into a Swoon, and revolving a Thousand Things in his Imagination, could not resolve on any, till the Queen-Mother pressed him so much, that he pronounced his innocent Queen's Banishment: Who was that Minute put into a Litter with her Whelps, and sent to her Mother's, where she arrived almost dead.

But Heaven looked with a more favourable Eye on the Boat the three Princes and the Princess were in: for the Fairy, who protected them, rained Milk into their Mouths, and preserved them in this sudden and terrible Storm: they floated seven Nights and Days, and were met out at main Sea by a Corsair, the Captain of which seeing the Stars on their Foreheads, tho' at a great Distance, thought the Boat was full of Jewels, which he found to be true in the End. But what touched him most, was the Beauty of these four charming Children, the Desire of preserving which made him turn back again, to give them to his Wife, who never had any, and was very desirous of them.

She

96 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

She for her Part, was frightened to see him return so soon, he using to stay out a long Time, but was everjoyed when he put so valuable a Treasure into her Hands. They both wondered at the Star, the Chain of Gold which could not be taken from off their Neck, and their fine Hair; but what increased it the more, was, when the good Women came to comb them, there fell out Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, and Pearls, of several Sizes, some were of were very large and beautiful. The Husband seeing this told his Wife he was weary of the Seas, and that if those Children continued to bestow such Treasures, he would go no more, but might stay at home, and live as well as the greatest Captains, they had; at which Resolution of her Husbands, the Wife, whose Name was *Corfina*, was overjoyed, and grew every Day fonder of these Children. The Princess she called *Fair-Star*, the Elder Brother *Bright-Sun*, the second Son *Felix*, and the Princess's Son *Chery*, who was much more beautiful than the others, for all he had neither a Star nor Chain, and was best beloved by *Corfina*. She, as she could not bring them all up herself without the Assistance of a Nurse, desired her Husband, who was a great Lover of Hunting, to take some young Fawns; which he, as they lived nigh a large Forest, did accordingly. *Corfina*, when she had them, exposed them to the wind, and the Hinds smelling them, came presently to suckle them: when *Corfina*, in their stead, put the Children, with whom their Milk agreed very well. Thus twice every Day there came four of them together, to suckle the Princes and the Princess. In this Manner were they brought up in their Infancy; the Corfair and his Wife loved them so passionately, that they were all their Care. He was a Man who had been well educated; and being a Corfair was more qwing to his ill Fortune, than any Inclination:

tion : He married *Corfina* from the Service of a Princess, where her Genius and Manners had been happily cultivated : She knew how to live, and tho' it was in a kind of Desert they then inhabited, where they subsisted upon what they got by robbing on the Seas, yet she had not forgot the Ways and Manners of the World : They were glad they were no longer obliged to be exposed to all the Dangers of the Seas, but were rich enough without ; for every three Days she combed out of the Princess's and her two Brothers Hair a great many considerable Jewels ; which *Corfina* sold at the nighest Town, and bought them therewith all Manner of Neecessaries.

After the first Years of their Infancy, the Corfair applied himself seriously to cultivate the natural Parts, with which Heaven had so largely endowed them. And he made no doubt, but that some great Mysteries were concealed in their Birth, on his finding them as he did ; therefore he resolved to make the Gods an Acknowledgment for this Present, by his extraordinary Care of their Education : Infomuch, that after having enlarged his House, he hired Masters to instruct them in all Manner of Learning and Qualifications, who were surprized at the great Geniuses of their Pupils. The Corfair and his Wife never divulged this Adventure, but the Children passed for their own, tho' in all their Actions they plainly shewed they were of more illustrious Blood. There was a strict Unity among them, and a natural Politeness ; but the Prince *Chery's* Sentiments for the Princess *Fair-Star*, were more passionate than the other two : For when she desired any Thing, he was ever most earnest to obtain it, and was never from her. When she went a hunting, he would go too ; but if she stayed at Home, he never failed of an Excuse : And *Bright-Sun* and *Felix*, her own Brothers, always

F spoke

98 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

spoke to her with less Respect; all which pass'd not unobserved by her. As they grew up, their mutual Tenderness increased, and they lived with all imaginable Pleasure and Satisfaction. 'Dear Brother, (said *Fair-Star* to him one Day) if my Wishes could make you happy, you should be one of the greatest Monarchs upon Earth.' 'Alas! Sister (replied he) envy me not the Blessing I enjoy, in being nigh you; one Moment of which Time I prefer to all the Grandeur you can wish me.' If she said the same Things to her other two Brothers, they only thanked her in a careless Manner, and said no more.

When she was alone, she examin'd into the Difference of Love, and found her Heart to be somewhat disposed like theirs; for tho' *Bright-Sun* and *Felix* were both dear to her, she could not wish to live with them all her Life; But for *Chery*, she was all in Tears at the least thought of his Father's sending him to Sea or into the Army. It was thus Love, disguised under the specious Name of an excellent Nature, grafted itself into these young Hearts. But from fourteen Years of Age, *Fair-Star* begun to reproach herself with not loving her Brothers all alike, but imagin'd the Reason proceeded from the Cares and Caresies of *Chery*, whom she forbid from endeavouring to endear himself any more; telling him, that he had found out the Way but too agreeably, and had made too great a Difference between them. He overjoyed to hear her speak in this Manner, instead of abating his Passion, rather permitted it to increase, and every Day evidenced some new Piece of Gallantry. They knew not yet how far their Tenderness might proceed, and indeed not the Nature of it; till one Day, some new Books being brought to *Fair-Star*, the first she laid her Hand on, was a Story of two young Lovers, whose Passion began when they thought themselves  
 Brother

PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY. 99

Brother and Sister, but being known by their Parents were married together after a great many Difficulties: and as *Chery* read with great Justness, and a fine Accent, she desired him to read it to her, while she made an End of a Piece of Lace, which she intended to finish.

It was with no small Concern that he read this Adventure, especially when he saw so naked a Description of his own Sentiments; and *Fair-Star* was no less surprized, for it seemed as if the Author had known all that passed in her Soul: the more *Chery* read, the more he was affected; and she, tho' she endeavoured all she could, was not able to hinder the Tears from gushing out from her Eyes. *Chery*, on his Part, made useleſs Edeavours to conceal his Trouble; he first turned pale, and then red, and faltered in his Speech: and thus were they both in great Agonies. 'Ah! Sister (cried he, looking melancholy at her, and letting the Book fall out of his Hands) how happy was *Hippolito*, that he was not Bother to *Julia*?' 'We shall not have the like Satisfaction (answered she) tho' we deserve it as much.' The Words were no sooner out of her Mouth, but she knew she had said too much, and became confused; which was the only thing, if any there was, that could comfort the Prince. From that Time they both fell into a deep Melancholy, without explaining themselves any farther, though both penetrated into what passed in each other's Soul; and both strove to conceal a Secret from the World which they would have been glad to have been ignorant of themselves. But as it is natural for us to flatter ourselves, the Princess pleased herself, that *Chery* had not a Star, nor Chain of Gold, &c.

One Day the three Princes being gone a hunting, *Fair-Star* went up into a little dark Closet, which she loved to sit and think in, the which was separated



100 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

ated only by a thin Partition from *Corfina's* Chamber ? where she heard her (thinking she was gone a walking) say to the Corsair, ' It is now Time to think of marrying *Fair-Star* ; if we knew who she was, we should endeavour to marry her suitable to her Rank : or if we should believe that these, who pass for her Brothers, we not so, we might bestow her on one of them ; for where can we find one more deserving of her ? When I found them, (said the Corsair) I saw nothing that could inform me of their Birth ; but knew by the Jewels that were fastened to their Cradles, that they were no mean Persons ; and what is more singular, you know they seemed all of an Age, and four are too many for one Birth.' I suspected so (said *Corfina*) that *Chery* is not their Brother, for he has neither a Star nor Collar.' ' That is true (replied the Husband) but Jewels fall out of his Hair as well as the others : yet after all the Riches we have amassed together by them, I could wish to know whose they are.' ' That we must leave to the Gods (said *Corfina*) who gave them us, and when they shall think fit, will let us know.' *Fair-Star* listened attentively to their Discourse, and could not express her Joy, that she might hope she was born of illustrious Parents, tho' she had never failed any ways in Respect to those she thought to be hers : and yet was not over well pleased at her being a Corsair's Child. But what flattered her Imagination most, was to think that *Chery* was not her Brother ; which Thought made her impatient to see him, to tell him of this extraordinary Adventure. Hereupon she went and took Horse, and followed them by the Sound of the Horn. *Chery*, as soon as he saw her, came to meet her before the other two. ' How agreeable a Surprize is this, *Fair-Star*, (said he) to see you a hunting, who are never to be drawn away from your Music and other Amusements ?'

ments?' 'I have so many Things to tell you' (replied she) 'that I came to seek you to talk in private with you.' 'Alas! Sister (said he sighing) what is it you would have with me to Day, for it is a long Time since you have taken any Notice of me?' At this she blushed, cast down her Eyes, and remained sometime thoughtful, without ever returning any Answer. At last, when her two Brothers came to them, she, like one awakened out of a Lethargy, jumped from off her Horse, and went, followed by them, to a little Hillcock surrounded by shady Trees; where she said to them, 'Sit down here, I will tell you what I have heard.' And accordingly she told them Word for Word the Corfair's and his Wife's Discourse, and that they were not their Children. Nothing can be said to express the Surprize of the three Princes: they debated among themselves what they had best do: One was for going without saying any Thing; another was not for going at all; and third was for going and acquainting them with it. The first maintained his was the surest Way, because the Advantage they made of them would induce them to keep them; the second said, it was not proper to leave them, unless they had somewhere to go, where they might be well received, for that he could not bear the Thoughts of being called Wanderers: the third alledged the Ingratitude of leaving them without their Consents; that it was Folly to stay any longer with them in a desert Part of the World, where they could never learn who they were, and that therefore the only Way was to tell them of their Design, and get their Consents: This Opinion at last prevailing, they all took Horse again, and returned Home to the Corfair.

*Chery's* Heart was flattered with all that Hope can offer most agreeable to comfort an afflicted

Lover; his Love made him guess at what was to come: He no longer looked upon himself as Brother to *Fair-Star*, and his constrained Passion taking wing a little, permitted a thousand Ideas that charmed him. They address'd themselves to the Corsair and his Wife with a visible Joy, and yet Uneasiness in their Faces: 'We come not (said *Bright-Sun*, to deny the Friendship, Gratitude, and Respect we owe you, though we are inform'd how you found us on the Sea, and that you are not our Father and Mother. The Piety with which you saved us, the noble Education you have given us, and the Care and Bounty you have shewn, are such indispensable Ties, that nothing in this World can free us from. We are come now to renew our sincere Thanks, and to beg of you to relate to us so rare an event, and to advise us, that guided by your wise Counsels, we may have nothing to reproach ourselves withal.' The Corsair and his Wife were very much surpriz'd, that a Thing which they had conceal'd with so much Care, should be discover'd. 'You are too well inform'd (said they) and we can no longer hide from you, that you are not our Children, and that Fortune alone put you into our Hands. We have no knowledge of your Birth, but by the Jewels that were found in your Cradles, guess your Parents to be People of Quality, or very rich. What can we advise you more? if you consult the Friendship we have for you, you will, without doubt, stay here with us, and comfort us in our old Age by your Presence. If you do not like this House or Abode, we will remove where you shall think fit, provided it be not to Court, which a long Experience has made us disrelish; and will make you too, if you knew but the continual Trouble and Care, the Disguises and Dis-

simulations,

‘ simulations, the Envy and Strife, and false Happiness, and all the Mischiefs attending there; I could tell you more, but that you may think my Counsels too much interested, which they really are my dear Children: we only desire to detain you in this peaceable Retreat: yet you are your own Masters, to go when you will. Consider, now you are in the Haven, and are going to sail in a boisterous Sea; the Trouble exceeds the Pleasure: the Course of Man’s Life is limited, and oftentimes is cut short by one half; the Grandeurs of this World are like false Stones; the most solid Happiness is to know how to set Bounds to our Desires, to be wise and live in a perfect Tranquillity.

The Corsair had not made an End of these his Remonstrances so soon, but that he was interrupted by Prince *Felix*: ‘ We have too great a Desire, dear Father (said he) to make some Discoveries of our Births; to live buried here in a Desert, the Morals you have laid down are excellent, and I wish we were able to follow them; but I know not what Fatality guides us; let us fulfil our Destiny, we will come and see you again, and give you an Account of our Adventures.’ At these Words the Corsair and his Wife burst out in Tears: The Princes very much relented, and particularly *Fair-Star*, who was of a sweet Disposition, and would never have thought of going away had she but *Chery* to stay with her. After this Resolution, their Thoughts were wholly bent upon their Equipage and their Embarkation; for they hoped, when at Sea, to get some Light of what they wanted to know. They put four Horses aboard: and after having combed their Heads to give *Corsina* as many Jewels as possibly they could, they desired her in exchange to give them the Chains of Diamonds that she found in their Cradle; who went immediately

and fetched them out of her Closet, where she kept them safe, and tied them all upon *Fair-Star*, whom she embraced with all motherly Affection, wetting her Face with her Tears.

Never was any Separation more melancholy : The Corsair and his Wife were ready to die with Grief. But their Sorrows proceeded not from Interest : they had already amassed to much Riches to desire any more. In short *Bright-Sun, Felix, Chery*, and *Fair-Star* went aboard a Vessel which the Corsair had fitted out with all Magnificence, and fine Paintings, of the Stories of *Cleopatra* and *Mark Anthony*, and all the Attendants on *Venus*. The Course they steered was to the same Degrees of Latitude where the Corsair found them, and prepared a great Sacrifice for the Gods and Fairies to obtain their Protection, and guide them to the Place of their Birth. They took a Turtle Dove, and were going to sacrifice it ; but that the compassionate Princess thought it so beautiful, that she saved it's Life, and let it fly, saying, ' Go thou pretty Bird of *Venus*, if I should ever want thy Assistance. remember what I have done for thee.' Away went the Bird, and when the Sacrifice was over ; there was heard such a charming Concert of Music, that all Nature seemed to keep a profound Silence to listen to it ; the Seas were calm, and the Winds only breathed gentle Zephyrs, which only disordered the Princess's Veil and Hair : And a Syren arose out of the Water and sung, while the Princess and her Brothers admired her. After some Airs, she turned herself towards them, and said, ' Be not uneasy, let your Vessel drive before the Wind ; and where it stops there disembark ; and let those who love, love still.

*Fair-Star* and *Chery* was sensible of an extraordinary Joy at these Words of the Syren's ; never disputing but that they related to them ; and by Signs gave



gave each other to understand as much, without *Bright-Sun* and *Felix* perceiving them in the least. The Ship sailed at the Pleasure of the Winds and Sea; they had nothing extraordinary happened in their Voyage, and the Weather was all the Time very fine, and the Sea calm. They were full three Months out at Sea, during which Time the amorous Prince had a great deal of Conversation with his beloved Princess, and one Day among others, said to her; How flattering are my Hopes charming *Fair-Star!* I am no longer your Brother: ' This Heart, which again acknowledges your Power, and ever shall, was never framed to be guilty of such a Crime; for a Crime it would be to love you as I do, if you was my Sister: But the charitable Syren has confirmed what I always suspected.' ' Ah! Brother (replied she) trust not so much to a Thing which is yet so dark, that we cannot penetrate into it. What will become of us, if we should irritate the Gods against us, by Sentiments that may not be pleasing to them? The Syren has explained herself so little, that we must be very fond of guessing at Riddles, to apply what she said to ourselves.' ' Ah, cruel Maid, said the afflicted Prince, your Refusal proceeds more from Aversion to me, than Respect to the Gods.' *Fair-Star* made no reply, but raising her Eyes up to Heaven, fetched a deep Sigh which he explained in his Favour.

The Days were then very long and hot; towards the Evening the Princess and her Brothers went upon the Deck, to see the Sun repose himself in the Breast of his beloved *Thetis*; and taking their Instruments, began a very agreeable Concert. In the mean time, a fresh Gale of Wind arising, they soon doabed a Point, which concealed from their Eyes a beautiful City, the Prospect of which amazed and pleased our lovely Youths so much, that

they wished their Vessel might enter the Port ; but doubted lest there should not be room, there being so many in before them, that the Masts looked like a floating Forest. Their Desires were accomplished ; the Shores were presently crouded to see the Magnificences of the Ship, which was no Ways inferior for Beauty to that sent by the *Argonauts* to fetch the golden Fleece. All that saw the Stars on the Princes, were filled with Admiration ; and some ran to inform the King of it, who as he could not believe it, and as the large Terrass belonging to his Palace looked to the Sea, he came presently and saw the Princes *Bright-Sun* and *Chery*, taking the Princess in their Arms, and carrying her ashore ; and after that unshipping their Horses, the Richness of whose Accoutrements were answerable to the rest. That *Bright-Sun* was mounted on, was as black as Jet ; *Felix's* was grey, *Chery's* pure white, and the Princess's an elegant Cream colour which four Horses carried themselves so handsomely, and curvetted so fine, that the King very much admired them.

The Princes, hearing the People say, there is the King, there is the King, lifting up their Eyes, beheld in him an Air of so much Majesty, that they no longer disputed but it was true ; and passing by him, made him each a low Bow, fixing their Eyes on him all the Time ; while he looking no less earnestly upon them, was charmed with the incomparable Beauty of the Princess, and the good Mein of the three Princes. He sent the first Gentleman of his Bed Chamber to offer them his Protection, and whatever they should want, they being perfect Strangers. They accepted of the Honour the King did them, with a great deal of Respect and Acknowledgment, and told them that they only wanted an House where they might live private ; and that they should be glad if they could be two or three Miles from the City, because they took great De-  
light

light in walking. He accordingly did as they desired, and lodged them and their Train commodiously. The King whose Thoughts were full of what he had seen, went immediately into the Queen-Mother's Apartment, and told her what he had been seeing, and how much he admired the Youths and the young Lady. At this News she stood as it were thunder-struck : but recovering herself, asked in a careless Manner, of what Age they might be, and he answering about fifteen or sixteen, her Uneasiness increased: and she apprehended with fear that *Feintisa* had betrayed her; while the King walked about the Room in some Passion and Concern, often saying, 'How happy must that Father be, who is blest with such an offspring! and how miserable am I to be a King and Father to three Whelps, and have no Heirs to my Crown.'

The old Queen heard these Words with a deadly Dread; the Stars and the Nearness of their Age, with the Princes and their Sister, gave her great Suspicions that *Feintisa*, instead of making away with the King's Children, had preserved them. But as she was a Woman who had a great command over herself, she discovered not in the least what agitated her Soul; and would not send that Day to inform herself of what she desired so much to know; but the next Day sent her Secretary, under pretext of giving some Orders for their Entertainment, to examine and enquire into what was so necessary to her Repose. The Secretary went early the next Morning, and arrived just as the Princess was set down to her Toilet, and was combing her Hair, which hung down in fine Rings below her Waist, which was hung round with Baskets to catch the Jewels she combed out: her Star shined so bright that it dazzled him, and the Chain of Gold about her Neck seemed no less extraordinary than the Diamonds, &c. rolling down from the Top of her Head.

The Secretary could hardly believe his Eyes ; when the Princess making Choice of a large Pearl, such as the King of Spain esteemed so much by the Name of *Peregrina*, or the Pilgrim, as it came from a Traveller, she desired him to accept of it, that thereby he might remember her. He, confounded by so much Liberality, took his Leave of her, and went to pay his Respects to the three Princes, with whom he stayed some Time to inform himself of what his Mistress desired so much to know ; and after that returned back to the Queen, with an Account that confirmed what she so much feared. He told her *Chery* had no Star, but that Diamonds, &c. fell out of his Hair ; and that in his Opinion he was the handsomest ; that they were come a great way off : and that their Father and Mother had prefixed a Time for them to finish their Travels in.

This Article put the Queen a little to a stand, and she imagined sometimes that they were not the King's Children. Thus she wavered between Hope and Fear ; when the King hunting one Day by their House, the Gentleman of his Bed-chamber told him as they past by, that it was there the Princess and her Brothers lived. ' The Queen has advised me, ' (replied the King) not to see them, fearing lest ' they may have come from some Place where the ' Plague rages, and may bring some Infection with ' them.' ' Indeed (replied the Gentleman) it is ' very dangerous ; but I believe there is more to be ' feared from the Eyes of this young Stranger, ' than any Infection of the Air.' ' I am of your ' Opinion,' (said the King) and spurring his Horse went forward ; when pretently hearing a Sound of Instruments, he stopped at the Hall Windows, which were opened ; and after having admired the Sweetness of this Symphony, went on. The noise the Horses made, engaged the Princes to look out ; who, when they saw the King, saluted him very respect-

respectfully, and made all haste to come out; then accosting him with a gay Countenance and much Submission, they embraced his Knees, and the Princess kissed his Hand. The King caressed them with a pleasing Satisfaction, and found his Heart so touched, that he could not guess at the Cause. He bid them not fail of coming to Court, telling them he should be very glad to see them there, and that he would present them to his Mother. They thanked him for the Honour he did them, and assured him, that as soon as their Clothes and Equipage were got ready, they would make their Appearance there. After this the King left them to pursue his Game, and sent them one half of what he killed, and carried the other with him to the Queen his Mother; who said to him, 'How comes this about? you used to kill three Times as much as this.' 'Indeed (replied the King) I have regaled the beautiful Strangers with some; and I have so strong a Fancy for them, that were you not so much afraid of some Contagion, I would lodge them in the Palace.'

The old Queen very much vexed, accused him of want of Respect to her, and reproached him for exposing himself so rashly; and when he was gone, sent for *Feintisa* into her Closet, and catching hold of her Hair with one Hand, and clapping a Poignard to her Throat with the other, said, 'I know not, base Wretch, what remains of Kindness hinders my sacrificing thee to my just Resentment; thou hast betrayed me, and hast not killed the Four Children I put in thy Hands for that purpose: Own thy Crime, and perhaps I may forgive thee.' *Feintisa* half dead with Fear, cast herself at her Feet and told her all she had done; that she thought it impossible that they should be alive, because there arose just then such a terrible Tempest, that in all probability they must be cast away;



110 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

away; adding, that if she would but give her Time, she would find out a Way to destroy them one after another, without the least Suspicion. The Queen, whom nothing but the Promise of their Death could appease, bid her to lose no Time; and indeed *Feintisa* who saw her Life in great Danger, neglected nothing that lay in her Power: She watched the Time when the Princes were gone out a hunting, and carrying a Guitar under her Arm, went and set over against the Princess's Window, and sung these Words.

Happy they, the Use who know  
Of Blessings the kind Gods bestow;  
Beauty fades,  
Age invades,  
And blights the fairest Flower;  
Too great's the Grief,  
When past Relief,  
And Charms have lost their Power;  
Then to our cost,  
We find we've lost,  
And mis'd the lucky Hour.

Fair ones beware, your Charms improve,  
While in your Bloom, and fit for Love;  
Beauty fades,  
Age invades,  
And blights the fairest Flower;  
Too great's the Grief,  
When past Relief,  
And Charms have lost their Power:  
Then to our cost,  
You'll find you've lost,  
And mis'd the lucky Hour.

*Fair-Star* liking the Words, came into her Balcony to see who the Person was that sung them, and  
*Feintisa*

*Feintisa* appearing in a Dress suitable to her Design, made her a very low Courtsey. The Princess, as she was gay, returning the Salute, asked her if those Words were made upon herself. 'Yes, charming Lady, they were (replied *Feintisa*) but that they may never be applied to you I am come to give you some good Advice, which you ought not to neglect.' 'What is that (said *Fair-Star*) Let me come into your Chamber, and I will tell you (replied the other) Come up then (said the Princess)' And immediately thereupon, the old Woman rose up, and came into her Chamber, with a courtly Air, which when once attained, is not easily laid aside. 'Dear Lady (said she, without losing any Time, for she was afraid of being interrupted) Heaven has formed you charming and lovely, you are adorned with a bright Star upon your Forehead, and several Wonders are reported of you: but you want one Thing that is essentially necessary; and if you have it not, I pity you.' 'And what is that (replied she) 'The Dancing Water (added the wicked *Feintisa*) if I had had it in my Youth, you should not have seen a grey Hair in my Head, nor a Wrinkle in my Brow. I should have had now the most charming set of white Teeth: but alas! it was too late when I knew this Secret; my Charms were decayed before. Profit by my Misfortunes, dear Child, it will be some Comfort to me; for I have a Tendernefs for you.' 'But where shall I get this Dancing-Water (replied *Fair-Star*) In the *Burning Forest* (said *Feintisa*) You have three Brothers, do none of them love you well enough to go and fetch it for you?' 'My Brother's (said the Princess) love me tenderly; and I am sure there is one of them will refuse me nothing: and I will certainly, if this Water does what you say, give you a Recompence suitable to your Deserts.'

The

# 112 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY,

The perfidious *Feintisa* retired in Haste, overjoyed that she had succeeded so well, telling *Fair-Star*, she would be sure to come and see her again.

When the Princes came from hunting, one brought a Boar, another a Hare, and the third a Stag, and laid them at their Sister's Feet; which Homage she looked upon with Disdain: Her Thoughts were so much employed on the Advice *Feintisa* had given, that she seemed uneasy; and *Chery*, whose whole Study was to observe her Humour and Motions, was not long before he observed it. 'What is the Matter, my dear *Star* (said he) 'perhaps you like not the Country where we are; if 'so, we will go away immediately; perhaps you 'are not pleased with our Equipage, it is not fine 'enough: speak, and tell me, that I may have the 'Pleasure of obeying you first.' 'The Confidence 'which you give me (said she) to tell you what 'passes in my Mind, engages me to declare to you, 'that I cannot live without the Dancing-Water 'which is in the Burning-Forest; had I that, I 'need not fear any Thing from the Power of 'Time.' 'Trouble not yourself, my lovely *Star* ' (added he) I will go and fetch it you, or let you 'know by my Death, that it is impossible to have 'it.' 'No (said she) I would rather renounce all 'Advantages of Beauty, and be horribly frightful 'than hazard a Life so dear. I conjure you never 'to think any more of this Water; and, if I have 'any Power over you; I forbid you.' The Prince seemed to obey, but as soon as he saw her engaged and busy, he mounted his white Horse, and furnished his Pockets plentifully with Money; and for Jewels his Head supplied him sufficiently. He took no Attendants with him, that he might be more at his own Liberty; and that if any dangerous Adventure presented, he might not be troubled with the Remonstrances of an over-zealous and timorous Servant.

When

PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY. 113

When Supper-Time came, and the Princess saw not her Brother *Chery*, she was so much troubled that she could neither eat nor drink, but ordered the Servants to search every where for him. The other two Princes, who knew nothing of the Dancing-Water, told her she was too uneasy, and that he could not be far off: that she knew he loved Retirement sometimes, to indulge his Thoughts, and that without doubt, he was amusing himself in a little Wood that was hard by. This made her easy for some time, but then again she lost all Patience, and told her Brothers crying, that she was the Cause of his Absence, by expressing a Desire to have some of the Dancing-Water in the burning Forest, and that without doubt he was gone thither. At this News, they resolved to send after him, and she charged the Messengers to tell him, that she conjured him to come back. In the mean Time, *Feintisa*, who was not without her Spies to know the Effects of her Advice, when she learnt that *Chery* was gone, was overjoyed; not doubting in the least, but he would make more Haste than those that followed him, and that some Mischief would befall him. Big with these Hopes, she ran to the Queen-Mother, to give her an Account of all that had past; telling her that she no longer disputed, but that they were the three Princes and their Sister, since they had Stars on their Foreheads, and golden Chains about their Necks, and that she had seen the Princess dressed in the same Diamonds she put into her Cradle, though they were not nigh so valuable as some that dropped out of her Hair: Infomuch that she was assured of their being returned, notwithstanding the Care she thought she had taken to prevent it. ' But, Madam (said she) ' as the only Means left me to repair this Fault ' of mine, is to rid you of them, give me but Time, ' and I will effectually do it; There's one of the Princes

#### 114. PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

‘ Princes gone already to fetch the Dancing-Water, who undoubtedly will perish in the Attempt; and I shall form Schemes enough for the rest.’ ‘ We shall see,’ (said the Queen) ‘ whether the Success answers your Expectation, which is the only Thing that shall screen you from my just Rage.’ Upon this *Feintisa* retired, not a little alarmed, devising with herself how to prosecute her Undertakings.

The Contrivance of the Prince *Chery*’s Destruction was one of the most certain, for the Dancing-Water was not easily to be got; the Reports of the Misfortunes that attended all those who had gone for it, had made the Way known almost to every body. The Prince never spared his white Nag, who went at an incredible Swiftness, so willing was he to return soon to *Fair-Star*, to give her all the Satisfaction she could promise herself from his Journey. He was eight Days and Nights without taking any Repose, but what he got under a Tree in a Wood or Forest, while his Horse was grazing; and lived on what Fruits he found on the Trees. The ninth Day he found himself very much incommoded by the excessive Heat of the Air, and not knowing what Cause to attribute it to, since he was certain it was not the Sun, when he gained the Top of a Hill, he perceived the burning Forest; where the Trees were always in Flames, without ever consuming; which cast such a Heat, that all the Country about was a dry Desert. In this Forest, the Prince heard the hissing of Adders, and the roaring of Lions, which very much amazed him; who could not believe that any Thing but a Salamander could live in a kind of Furnace. After having considered on so dreadful a Thing, and thought on what was to be done, he gave himself up for lost; when going nearer to this great Fire, and being ready to die with Thirst, finding a Fountain,



tain, he alighted from off his Horse, and stooping to take up some Water into a golden Vessel he brought with him, to carry that the Princess desired in, he perceived a Dove drowning, and taking pity on it, saved it; and after having held it some Time by the Heels, and wiped its wet Feathers, put it in his Bosom, where the poor Turtle recovered. ' Prince *Chery* (said it, in a soft tender Voice) you never could have obliged any Creature more full of Acknowledgment than myself; ' This is not the first Time I have received most signal Favours from your Family: I am glad that ' I now can in return, be serviceable to you. ' Think not that I am ignorant of your Journey, ' which you have too rashly undertaken, since it is ' almost impossible to tell how many have perished here. The Dancing-Water is the eighth Wonder of the World; it beautifies Ladies, makes ' them young again, and enriches them; but if I ' am not your Guide, you can never get to it: ' The Source of the Water falls with so great an ' Impetuosity into a deep Abyss: In the Road is ' a Blockade of Trees, laid so close, and so entangled by their Branches and Briars, that I see no ' Way but to go under Ground. Rest yourself here, ' and be not uneasy, I will go and take proper ' Measures about it.'

Then the Dove left him, flying backwards and forwards, and taking several Flights about; and towards the close of the Day, came and told the Prince all was ready: Who took the loving Bird in his Hand, kissing it, caressed it, and thanked it; and after that followed it upon his white Horse. They had not gone many hundred Yards, before the Prince seeing a great Number of Foxes, Badgers, Moles, and other Creatures that burrow; and wondering how they came to be so assembled together, the Turtle told him it was by her Means, and  
that

that they came to Work for his Service: *Chery*, when he came to the Mouth of the Vault, pulled the Bridle off his Horse's Head, and tied it to the Saddle, and turned him loose; and then followed the Turtle, who conducted him to the Fountain, the Falling of whose Water made such a Noise, as would have deafened him, had not the Turtle given him two of her white Feathers. He was strangely surprized to see the Water dance with so much Justness to the Warblings of some Birds, who flying in the Air, formed a Band of Music. He filled his Vessel of Gold, pulled two hearty Draughts, which made him a thousand Times more beautiful than he was before, and refreshed him so much, that he was able to bear the Heat of the Forest. He returned the same Way he came, and finding his Horse again at the Cavern's Mouth, mounted him again, and taking the Dove in his Hand, said 'Loving Turtle, I know not by what Prodigy you have so much Power here? what you have done for me demands all my Gratitude; and as Liberty is the greatest of all Blessings, I give you yours, to shew some Token of my good-will.' As he said these Words, he let her go: she flew away with as fullen an Air as if he had kept her against her Will. Upon which he said to himself, 'How fickle art thou! thou hast more of a Man than a Turtle in thee; the one is inconstant the other not.' To this the Turtle mounted high in the Air, said, 'And do you know who I am.'

*Chery*, amazed that the Turtle should answer thus to his Thoughts, suspected her to be something very extraordinary, and was sorry he had let her fly, saying to himself that she might be very useful to him, and he might have learnt of her several Things, that might have contributed very much to his Repose. But then again, he considered with himself that he ought never to regret a good  
Action,

PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY. 117

Action, and that he was indebted to her, when he thought on the Difficulties she had smoothed out for him to get the Dancing Water. His golden Vessel or Bottle, in which he put it, was so close stopped up, he could not spill one Drop, nor the Spirit of the Water evaporate; so that all the Way he entertained himself with the Thoughts, how agreeably he should please his *Fair-Star*, and the Joy she would receive, to see the Water and him again: when presently he espied several Men on Horseback, galloping at full Speed, who no sooner perceived him, but they gave a Hollow, and pointed at him. Though his intrepid Soul was so void of Fear, as not to be alarmed at any Danger, yet was he vexed to think he should be stopped; he spurred on his Horse, and made boldly towards them: But how agreeable was his Surprise, to find them to be his Domesticks, with a Letter from the Princess, charging him not to expose himself to the Dangers of the burning Forest! he kissed the Writing, sigh'd several Times, and made all possible Haste to ease her other Fears.

When he came home, he found her sitting under some Trees, abandoned to her Grief; but when she saw him at her Feet, she knew not what Reception to give him; she could both chide him for going contrary to her Orders, and thanked him for his Present: At last her Tendernefs prevailing, she embraced her dear Brother, and received him with all possible Demonstrations of Joy. The restless *Feintisa* knew by her Spies, that *Chery* was returned, and more beautiful than when he went, and that the Princess, by washing her Face with the Dancing Water, was become excessive beautiful, that no body could behold her without Admiration. She was very much amazed and vexed, for she made account that the Prince would perish in the Attempt: But recollecting, this was no Time to de-

spond,

118 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY  
 spond, but seeking an Opportunity, when the Princess went to the Temple of *Diana* unaccompanied, she accosted her with an Air of Friendship, and said, ' I congratulate you Madam, on the happy  
 ' Success of my Advise, your Looks discover too  
 ' plainly that you have used the Dancing-Water :  
 ' But, if I durst advise you once more, you should  
 ' think of getting the singing-Apple, which is as  
 ' great an embellishment to the Wit : Would you  
 ' persuade, it is but smelling ; would you appear  
 ' in public, make Verses, write Prose, make People  
 ' to laugh or cry, it has all these Virtues ; and  
 ' besides, sings so fine, that it ravishes all that hear  
 ' it.' ' I will have none of it (cried the Princess)  
 ' my Brother had liked to have lost his Life, in  
 ' fetching the Dancing-Water, your Counsel is too  
 ' dangerous.' ' What ! Madam (replied *Feintisa*)  
 ' would you not be the most learned and witty Lady  
 ' dy in the World ? Sure you do not think so.'  
 ' Alas ! said *FairStar*, what would have become of  
 ' me, if my Brother had been brought back dead !'  
 ' Then let him go no more (said the old Woman)  
 ' let the other two oblige you in their Turns ; this  
 ' Enterprize is not so dangerous.' ' No matter  
 ' for that (said the Princess) I will not expose them  
 ' to it.' ' How much I pity you (replied *Feintisa*)  
 ' to let so advantageous an Opportunity slip you ;  
 ' but consider upon it : Farewel, Madam.' And  
 then left her, very much unsatisfied with the Success of her Harrangue. *FairStar* stayed at the Feet of *Diana's* Statue, considering what to do : She loved her Brothers, but so earnestly desired the Singing-Apple, that she sighed and fell a crying. *Bright-Sun* coming into the Temple, and seeing the Princess's Face covered with her Veil, because she was ashamed to be seen weeping : But he guessing she was in Tears, and going up to her, conjured her instantly to tell him why she cried. But she refused.

PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY. 119

refused, telling him she could not for Shame; and the more she denied, the more earnest he was to know. At last she said, that the same old Woman that advised her to send for the Dancing Water, had been telling her of the Singing Apple, which was more wonderful; because it created as much Wit as to make a Person possessed of it a perfect Prodigy, and that she would almost give her Life for such an Apple, but that she feared there was too much Danger in going for it.' 'You need not be afraid of me (replied the Brother) I assure you, for I am not so fond as that comes to: What have you not Wit enough already? Come, come, do not vex yourself about such a foolish Story.'

*Fair-Star* followed him from thence home, not a little melancholy at the Manner of his receiving the Confidence she reposed in him, and the Impossibility of her having the Singing Apple. When Supper was set on the Table, she could not eat: *Chery*, the lovely *Chery* observed it, and helped her to the nicest Bits, pressing her to taste thereof: But all he could say proved useless, the Tears came in her Eyes, and she rose from the Table. O Heaven! how uneasy was *Chery*, ignorant of what was the Cause? when *Bright-Sun* told him in a Sort of Raillery, disobliging enough to his Sister, who was so much piqued thereat that she retired to her Chamber, and would see nobody all that Night.

When *Bright Sun* and *Felix* were in Bed, *Chery* mounted his white Nag again, and without saying any Thing to any one, he set out on his Journey for the Singing-Apple, though he knew not one Foot of the Way, leaving a Letter behind him, to be given to *Fair-Star* the next Morning; who when she received it, felt all the Disquiet and Torments conceivable upon such an Occasion. She ran into her Brother's Chamber, to let them partake somewhat of her Grief; who presently sent after him again,



again, to oblige him to return, without attempting an Adventure wherein there was so much Hazard. All this Time the King who never had these four Strangers out of his Thoughts, as often as he went a hunting called upon them, and reproached them for not coming to his Court. They excused themselves, first that they had not completed their Equipage; and then that their Brother was absent; assuring him that upon his return, they, after the Leave he gave them, would pay their most humble Respects to him.

The Prince *Chery*, who was too much urged on by his Passion, not to make all possible Haste, some time after Day break, found a handsome young Man set under a shady Tree, reading a Book he held in his Haud; to whom he addressed himself in a civil Manner, and said, 'Give me Leave to interrupt you, to ask if you know where I may find the Singing Apple.' The young Man looking up and smiling, asked him if he intended to obtain it.' Yes (replied the Prince) if it is possible I will.' Ah, Sir (added the Stranger) you know not all the Dangers: Here is a Book that speaks of them, and the very reading of it is enough to make one tremble.' No matter for that (said *Chery*) the Danger is not capable of dismaying me; tell me only where I may find it.' This Book (continued the Man) says in the Deserts of *Lybia*, that we may hear it sing eight Leagues off; and that the Dragon which guards it, has already devoured above five Hundred thousand People'. I shall make one more,' (said the Prince smiling) and then taking his Leave, set forward for the Deserts of *Lybia*. After several Days Journey, he listened if he could hear the Apple, afflicting himself with the Length of the Way; when perceiving in the Road a Turtle almost dead, and seeing no one nigh that could have wounded it, he believed that

that it might belong to *Venus*; and that having escaped her Court, the little Archer to try his Bow and Arrows, had let fly at her: and taking pity on it, alighted off his Horse, took it up and wiped its bloody Feathers, took out of his Pocket a little golden Box of an admirable Ointment, and no sooner applied it to the Wound of the poor Dove; but it opened its Eyes, raised its Head, stretched out one of its Wings, and then looking at the Prince said (Good-morrow, *Chery*, you are destined to save my Life, and I may perhaps do you no less signal Services. You are come for the Singing-Apple, the Enterprize is difficult, and worthy of you; for it is guarded by a terrible Dragon, with three Heads and twelve Feet.' 'Ah, my dear Dove; (said the Prince) how overjoyed am I to see you again, and at a Time when your Assistance is so necessary. Do not deny it me, my pretty Creature, for I should die with Grief, if I should return without the Singing Apple; and since that I got the Dancing Water by thy Means, I hope you will find out some Expedient whereby I may succeed as well in this Undertaking.' 'Follow me (answered the Dove) and I hope all will be well.'

The Prince let her go; and after following her all the Day, arrived at a great Mountain of Sand, into which the Dove told him he must dig; which he accordingly did, sometimes with his Hand, and sometimes with his Sword. After some Hours hard working, he found a Head-piece, Breast-plate, and in short, a compleat Suit of Armour for Man and Horse, all of Glass. 'Arm yourself (said the Dove) and fear not the Dragon; for when he shall see himself in all these Glasses, he will be so frightened, thinking his own Resemblance, in so many Mirrors, to be as many Monsters as himself, that he will run away.' *Chery*, approv-

122 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

ing this Contrivance armed himself, and taking the Dove in his Hand, they travelled all that Night, and at Day break heard a most ravishing Melody ; and the Prince asking what it was, the Dove told him, she was persuaded that nothing but the singing-Apple could be so agreeable, for that it performed all Sorts of Music, and seemed as if all Manner of Instruments were played upon, which made them still keep advancing towards it. The Prince wished to himself, it might sing something that might be adapted to the Situation of his Heart, and at that very Instant heard these Words :

'Tis Love can conquer the most Rebel Heart,  
Be amorous still, and from her never part ;  
And since you follow Beauty's Cruelty,  
Love on, pursue, and you will happy be.

' Ah ! (cried he in answer to these Verses) how charming is this Prediction ! I may hope then to be more happy.' To which the Dove made no reply, for she never spoke any Thing but what was absolutely necessary. The farther they advanced, the more charming the music seemed ; and whatever Dread the Prince might be in, he was sometimes so ravished, that he stopped almost insensible of any Thing else : but the Sight of the Dragon, who appeared suddenly, soon recovered him out of this kind of Lethargy. He had smelt the Prince a great way off, and expected to devour him, as he had done by all the rest. He came jumping along, covering the Ground as he came with a poisonous Froth. Out of his infernal Throat there issued Fire and little Dragons, which he used instead of Darts, to throw into the Eyes and Ears of all the Knights-Errant that came to fetch away the Singing App'e. But when he saw his own terrible Figure, multiplied a thousand Times in the Prince's

Glass

PRIN  
Glas  
him,  
him  
Cher  
pursu  
he cl  
that  
tion,  
cept  
whic  
great  
mon  
havin  
sure  
off t  
moun  
Dove  
Assist  
return  
ver e  
sence  
Amb  
than  
' wor  
' Sig  
' not  
' enc  
' nisl  
' lov  
' the  
' priv  
flictin  
nation  
such r  
but g  
more  
Some  
ses ;

Glass Armour, he stopped ; and looking hard upon him, bearing so many no less horrible Monsters than himself about him, was frightened, and ran away. *Chery* perceiving the happy Success of his Armour, pursued him to the Mouth of a deep Cavern, which he closed up, to prevent his returning again. After that searching about, he discovered, with Admiration, the beautiful Tree which was all Amber, except the Apples, which were Topazes ; but that which he sought after with so much Pains, and great Danger, was a Ruby crowned with a Diamond. Thé Prince transported with the Joy of having it in his Power to bestow so great a Treasure on his beloved *Fair-Star*, made hast to break off the Bough ; and proud of his good Fortune, mounted his Horse again, but saw no more of the Dove, who, when there was no further need of her Assistance, was flown away. In short, the Prince returned to his Princess with his Prize, who had never enjoyed one Moment's Repose since his Absence : She continually reproached herself for her Ambition of Wit, dreading *Chery's* Death far more than her own : ' Ah ! unhappy Wretch that I am ' would she often cry, fetching deep and heavy ' Sighs) why was I so vain-glorious ? Why could ' not I be content to speak, and do Things well ' enough not to be impertinent ; Well, I am punished for my Pride, if I lose him I so dearly ' loved. Alas ! perhaps the Gods displeased with ' the irresistible Passion I have for *Chery*, will deprive me of him by some tragical End.' No afflicting tormenting Thought escaped her Imagination, when in the middle of the Night, she heard such ravishing Music, that she could not lie in Bed, but got up, and went to the Window to hear it more plainly, not knowing what to think of it : Sometimes she believed it to be *Apollo* and the Muses ; sometimes *Venus*, the Graces and Loves ; and

all the Time the Symphony seemed to come nigher, At last, it being Moon Light, she discovered the Prince; upon which she retired, seeing a Gentleman and not knowing who it might be: When he stopped under her Window, and the Apple sung an Air, the Beginning of which Words were, or something like it. 'Awake ye sleeping Fair.'

At this the curious Princess presently looked out, and knowing her Brother again, was ready to jump out of the Window to him. She talked so loud, that the whole Family were presently alarmed, and came and opened the Doors; which *Chery* entered with all imaginable Haste, holding in his Hand a Branch of Amber, with the wonderful Fruit upon it: And as he had smelt on it often, his Wit was so much increased, that nothing was comparable to it. *Fair-Star* ran to meet him with great Precipitation, crying with Joy, and saying, 'Do you believe I thank you, dear Brother? No, there is nothing that I do not buy too dear, when I expose you to fetch it.' 'And there are no Dangers I would not hazard (answered he) to give you the least Satisfaction. Accept, *Fair-Star*, of this Fruit, none deserves it so much as you.' *Bright Sun*, and his Brother came just then and interrupted their Conversation, and were glad to see their Brother again, who gave them an Account of his Journey, which lasted till Morning.

The wicked *Feintisa* having left the Queen, after having acquainted her with her Projects, was just retired home and got to Bed, but could not sleep through her Uneasiness one Wink. When she heard the Sweet singing of the Apple, and not doubting but that he had obtained it, cried and bewailed her Condition, scratching her Face, and tearing off her Hair. Her Grief was extremely great; for instead of doing the Princes the Mischief she projected, she did them all the Service imaginable.



imaginable. As soon as it was Day, she was too well informed of the Prince's Return, and upon that hurried away to the Queen-Mother: 'Well, *Feintisa* (said that Princess) do you bring me any good News, are they destroyed?' 'No, Madam (replied she) casting herself at her Feet: 'But let not your Majesty be impatient; I have a thousand Ways yet left.' Ah Wretch! (said the Queen) thou intendest to betray me, and therefore sparest them.' *Feintisa* protested to the contrary; and when she had appeased her, returned Home, to think of what was to be done next. She let some Days pass without undertaking any Thing: When being informed by her Scouts, that the Princess was walking in the Forest alone, expecting her Brothers, she went thither: and addressing herself to her, said, 'Charming *Star*, I have been informed that you have got the Singing Apple, and was overjoyed to hear of it; for I have so great an Inclination for you, that I am interested in whatever tends to your Advantage. And (continued she) I cannot forbear advising you to one Thing more.' 'Ah (cried the Princess, getting from her) keep your Advice to yourself, for though the Benefits I receive be great, yet they make not amends for the Trouble and Uneasiness they have caused me.' 'Uneasiness is not so great an Evil (answered she with a Smile) there is a Sweetness and Tendernefs in it.' 'Forbear, said *Fair-Star*) I tremble when I think on it.' 'Indeed (said the old Woman) you are very much to be pitied, to be the most beautiful and wittiest Lady in the World.' 'I desire once more (said the Princess) to be excused, I know too well the Condition the Absence of my Brother reduced me to.' 'You must notwithstanding be told (said *Feintisa*) that you want the little Green-Bird, that tells every Thing, by which you will be in-

126 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

‘ informed of your Birth, and your good and ill  
 ‘ Fortune; there is no particular Thing he does  
 ‘ not discover; and when the World shall say that  
 ‘ *Fair Star* has the Dancing Water, and the Sing-  
 ‘ ing Apple, and wants the little Green Bird, they  
 ‘ had as good say nothing.’

After having in this Manner, uttered what she intended, she retired, leaving the Princess melancholy and thoughtful, and sighing as if there was something she desired: ‘ This Woman is in the right (said she) what am I the better for the Dancing Water and Singing Apple, if I know not who I am, who are my Parents, and by what Fatality my Brothers and I were exposed to the Fury of the Waves? there must be something extraordinary in our Births, that we should be abandoned in the Manner we were, and receive so evident a Protection from Heaven. How great a Pleasure would it be to me to know my Father and Mother, to love them if they be alive, and to honour their Memory if dead?’ Thereupon Tears trickled down her Cheeks, clear as Drops of Morning Dew, distilling upon Lilies and Roses. *Chery*, who was always more impatient to see her again than the other two, made the most Haste, after the Sport was over, to return Home: That Day he was a-foot, his Bow hung negligently by his Side, some Arrows he held in his Hand, and his Hair was tied with a Ribband behind him: and in this warlike Dress he looked charmingly pleasing. When the Princess saw him, she retired to a dark shady Walk, that he might not perceive those Characters of Grief in her Face. But nothing can escape a Lover’s Eye; for the Prince looking upon her, soon knew something was the Matter. Whereupon he was disturbed, and desired her to tell him what it was; but she refusing with Obstinacy, he turned one of his Arrows against his Breast, and said,

Since

‘ Since you love me not, *Fair-Star*, I have nought  
 ‘ to do but die.’ By this Means he (as I may say)  
 extorted the Secret from her: but on these Condi-  
 tions, that he should not with the Hazard of his  
 Life seek to satisfy her Desires: All which he pro-  
 mised. But as soon as she was retired to her Cham-  
 ber, and her Brothers to theirs, he went into the  
 Stable again, and mounting his Horse, set out with-  
 out saying a Word to any one. When it was known  
 the next Morning, the whole Family was in the  
 utmost Consternation. The King, who could not  
 forget, sent to invite them again, and they returned  
 the same Excuse again of their Brother’s being  
 absent, and that they could have no Pleasure and  
 Satisfaction without him; but that upon his return  
 they would not fail to pay their Devoirs. The  
 Princess was inconsolable; the Water and Apple  
 could not charm her, nothing was agreeable with-  
 out *Chery*.

The Prince wandered up and down, asking all he  
 met where he might find the little Green Bird; but  
 no body could tell him, till he asked an old Man,  
 who taking him home with him, took the Pains to  
 look over his Books and a Globe which he had  
 made the Study of his Life; and then told him it  
 was in a frozen Climate, on the Point of a fright-  
 ful Rock, shewing him all the Roads to it. The  
 Prince by way of Return, presented him with a  
 Purse of Jewels he had combed out of his Hair;  
 and taking Leave of him, pursued his Journey. To  
 be short, one Morning by Sun rise, he perceived  
 the Rock, which was very high and craggy, and  
 on the Top of it the Bird talking like an Oracle,  
 telling most strange Things. He thought he might  
 catch it with little Trouble, since it appeared to be  
 very tame, hopping from one Place to another.  
 He alighted off his Horse, and climbed up without  
 making any Noise, promising himself and *Fair Star*

128 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

the most sensible Pleasure ; when all on a sudden, the Rock opened and he fell, as motionless as any Statue, into a large Hall ; so that he could neither bemoan nor complain of his deplorable Adventure. There he found three hundred Knights, who having made the same Attempt as himself, were in the same Condition, being only able to look at one another.

The Time of his Absence seemed long to *Fair-Star*, that she fell extraordinary ill ; and the Physicians pronounced her to be devoured by deep Melancholy. Her Brothers who loved her tenderly, would often tell her the Cause of her illness ; upon which she confessed, that she reproached herself Night and Day for *Chery's* Departure : and that she was sure she should die, if she heard no News of him. *Bright-Sun* moved by her Tears, resolved to go and seek his Brother ; and accordingly knowing where the Bird was, set out, approached it with the same Hopes, was swallowed up by the Rock, and fell into the great Hall, where the first Object he fixed his Eyes on was *Chery* ; but could not speak to him. In the mean Time *Fair-Star* grew better, hoping every Minute to see her two Brothers return ; but being deceived therein, her Grief renewed, and she complained incessantly, accusing herself for the Disasters that beset her Brothers ; When Prince *Felix*, having no less Compassion on her, and Concern for his Brothers, resolved to go and find them ; and acquainted her therewith. She at first seemed to oppose it ; but he replied, that it was just that he should expose himself for those who were so dear to him ; and then set out, after taking his Leave of the Princess, whom he left a Prey to the most piercing Grief.

When *Feintisa* knew that the third Prince was gone, her Joy had no End, but away she ran to the Queen, and promised her with more Assurance than

than ever, to destroy this unfortunate Family. *Felix* shared the same Fate with *Chery* and *Bright-Sun*; he found the Rock, saw the Bird, and fell into the Hall, where he knew the Princes he sought, and saw them ranged in Niches. They never slept, nor eat, but remained in that Condition, having only their Thoughts at Liberty. *Fair-Star* seeing none of her Brothers return, was inconsolable, and reproached herself for staying so long after them; and without any longer Hesitation ordered their Servants to stay six Months; and if neither she nor her Brothers returned in that Time, to go and acquaint the Corsar and his Wife with their Deaths. Then dressing herself in Men's Clothes, as most fitting to secure her from all Insults in her Journey, *Feintisa* had the Pleasure to see her go upon her Horse *Isabella*; and immediately after ran full of Joy to the Palace to regale the Queen with the News. *Fair-Star* only armed herself with a Head-Piece, the Visor of which she never lifted up, because her Beauty was so perfect she would not otherwise have past for a Man. She suffered very much by the Rigour of the Weather; for that Country where the Green Bird lived, in no Season ever received the happy Influence of the Sun: but Cold, nor nothing else could dismay her. In her way she saw a Dove no less white nor cold than the Smow it lay upon, which notwithstanding her impatience of arriving at the Rock she could not see perish, but alighting off her Horse, took it up, warmed it with her Breath, and put it in her Bosom, where it never stirred. *Fair-Star* thinking it dead, pulled it out, and looking sorrowfully upon it said, 'What shall I do lovely Dove to save thy Life?' To which the little Creature made Answer, 'One sweet Kiss, *Fair-Star*, from your Mouth, will finish what you have so charitably begun.' 'Not only one (said the Princess) but a thousand if need be: And fell a kissing



kissing it.' Upon which the Dove reviving, replied,  
 ' I know you notwithstanding your Disguise, and  
 ' must tell you, that you undertake a thing which  
 ' will be impossible for you to effect without my  
 ' Assistance; but do as I advise you. When you  
 ' come to the Rock, instead of attempting  
 ' to climb it, stay at the Bottom, and sing the  
 ' most melodious Song you can think of; the Green  
 ' Bird will hear you, and observe from whence the  
 ' Voice comes; then you must pretend to be asleep,  
 ' and I will stay by you: When he sees me, he'll  
 ' come from the Rock to peck me, and then you  
 ' must take your Advantage to catch him.'

The Princess everjoyed at this Hope, arrived soon  
 at the Rock, where she found her Brothers Horses  
 grazing, which Sight renewed all her Grief, and  
 she sat down and cried bitterly; but the little  
 Green Bird said such fine and comfortable Things  
 to those that were afflicted, that she dried up her  
 Tears, and sung so loud and charming, that the  
 Princes in the Hall had the Pleasure of hearing her,  
 which was the first Moment they began to hope.  
 The little Green Bird heard her also, and looked to  
 see from whence the Voice came, and perceiving  
 the Princess, who had pulled off her Mask, that she  
 might lie down to sleep with more Ease, as also  
 the Dove hopping by her, he came down to peck  
 her, but had not pulled off three Feathers before he  
 was taken himself. ' Ah! (said he) what would  
 ' you have with me? What have I done to engage  
 ' you to come so far to make me miserable? Give  
 ' me my Liberty, I conjure you, and I will do  
 ' whatever you desire in exchange.' ' Restore me  
 ' my Brothers (said *Fair Star*) whom by their  
 ' Horses feeding here, I know thou detainest some-  
 ' where hereabouts.' ' I have a red Feather (said  
 ' he) under my left Wing, pull it out, and touch  
 ' the Rock with it.' The Princess made haste to  
 do

do what he had bid her, but at the same Time saw such Flashes of Lightning, and heard such Claps of Thunder, together with the Roaring of the Wind, that she was very much frightned; but notwithstanding held the Green Bird fast, that he might not escape her: Then touched the Rock again a second and third Time, at which last it split from the Top to the Bottom, and she with an Air of Victory entered the Hall, where the three were, with a great many others. She ran to *Chery*, who knew her not in that Dress, and in a Helmet; for then the Enchantment was not destroyed, insomuch that he could neither speak nor stir. The Princess seeing that, asked the Bird more Questions; to which he made Answer, that she must rub the Eyes of all those she would free from the Enchantment, with the same red Feather; which Good Office she did to several Kings and Princes, as well as her three Brothers; who in return for so great a Benefit fell down on their Knees, and called her the Deliverer of Kings.

*Fair Star* then perceiving that her Brothers deceived by her Dress, did not know her, pulled off her Helmet, and holding out her Arms, embraced them a thousand times if possible, and afterwards asked the other Princes civilly who they were; every one told his own particular Adventure, and offered to accompany her wherever she went: To which she answered, That though the Laws of Knighthood might give her some Right over their Liberty, she waved it, leaving them to pursue their own Pleasures: and then retired with her Brothers, that they might give each other a particular Account of what had befallen them since their Separation. The little Green Bird often interrupted them, to desire *Fair Star* to give him his Liberty; upon which she looked for the Dove to ask her Opinion: But not finding her, told the Bird he had cost her too much

Trouble

Trouble and Uneasiness to enjoy so little of her Conquest. Thereupon they all four mounted their own Horses, leaving the other Kings, &c. to go a-foot, their Equipages being all lost, during the many Years of their Enchantment.

The Queen-Mother eased of all the Disquiet with which the Return of the Princes and Princess had burdened her, returned her Instances to the King to marry again; and importuned him so much that he made choice of a Princess, one of his Relations. But as he must first disannul his Marriage with the Queen *Linda*, who had lived all that Time at her Mother's with the three Whelps; the old Queen sent a Coach for her and them. She came according to her Commands, and was dressed in black, with a long Veil that reached down to her Feet; in which Apparel she appeared as beautiful as the Morning-Star: though she was become lean and pale by not sleeping nor eating, but just to sustain Nature, and out of Complaisance to her Mother, who was pitied by all. The King relented so much, that he durst not cast his Eyes on her; for he consented to this second Match purely out of the Hopes of Heirs. The Marriage-Day being appointed, the old Queen, urged thereto by *Lucina*, who always hated her unfortunate Sister, would have the Queen *Linda* appear at the Feast, which was to be very magnificent: and the King to shew his Grandeur to Strangers, sent the first Gentleman of his Bed Chamber to the Princes and their Sister, to invite them to it.

The Gentleman went accordingly, and knowing the extreme Desire the King had to see them, finding them not at home, left one of his Attendants to wait for them, and to bring them without any Delay. The Night before this Banquet, *Fair Star* and the three Princes arrived, to whom the Person that was left delivered his Message, telling them  
withal

withal the History of the King's Life; how that he had married a young beautiful Damsel, who had the Misfortune to be delivered of three Whelps; and that upon that Account he had put her away, though he loved her tenderly: That he had lived fifteen Years before he would hearken to any Proposals of Marriage; but being pressed thereto by the Queen-Mother and his Ministers of State, he had determined to espouse a young Princess of his Court, to whose Nuptials they were invited.

*Fair Star* dressed herself in a Rose coloured Velvet, bedecked on the Robings with Diamonds, her Hair hanging on her Shoulders in fine Curls, but tied together with a bunch of Ribbons, by which means the Gold Chain on her Neck appeared more visible; the Star on her Forehead shined with all imaginable Lustre; and in short she seemed too beautiful for a Mortal. Her Brothers came not far short of her; and Prince *Chery* had something that distinguished him most advantageously. They went all four into an Ivory and Ebony Chariot, drawn by twelve white Horses, their Equipage every way suitable. The King overjoyed to see them, received them at the Stairhead; the Apple sung wonderfully fine, the Water danced, and the Green Bird talked like an Oracle. They all fell on their Knees, till the King raised them up with his Hand, which they kissed with all Respect and Affection. After that he embraced them, and said, 'I am obliged to you, lovely Strangers, for your Company to Day; your presence gives me a sensible Pleasure.' Then he led them into a large Hall, where there were several large Tables set out with all manner of Rarities and Dainties, and Music playing all the Time. Soon after came the Queen-Mother with her new Daughter-in-law that was to be, accompanied by *Lucina*, and a great Number of Ladies, and with them the poor  
Queen

Queen led by a Brass Chain about her Neck, to which the three Dogs were fastened ; who, together with them, was carried to a great Bowl of Bones and Offal Meat, that was set out by the old Queen's Command in one Part of the Hall.

When *Fair-Star* and the Princes saw this unhappy Princess, Tears came in their Eyes ; either because they were sensibly touched with the Vicissitudes and Changes of this World, or by Instinct of Nature. But how outrageous were the old Queen's Thoughts at so unexpected a Return, so contrary to her Designs ? She cast so furious a Look at *Fa-intisa*, that she wished the Earth would open and swallow her up ; so much did she dread her. The King presented the Princess and her Brothers to his Mother, saying the most obliging Things of them ; and she, notwithstanding her inward hatred and Concern, received them with a favourable Compliment and a Smile ; for at that Time Dissimulation was as much in Vogue as now. No Mirth was wanting during the Feast, though the King was not very well pleased to see his Wife eat with Dogs, as the meanest of all Creatures ; but having resolved to shew all manner of Complaisance to his Mother, she ordered every Thing as she thought fit.

When the Repast was over, the King addressing himself to *Fair-Star*, ‘ I hear you are possessed of three incomparable Things, I wish you Joy of them, and desire you to tell me how you got them.’ ‘ Sir (replied she) I shall obey you with Pleasure. I was told that the Dancing Water would make me handsome, and the Singing Apple inspire those who had it with Wit ; which were the two Reasons made me desirous of them. For the little Green Bird who tells every Thing, our fatal Ignorance of our Births made me covet him, since we were Children abandoned by our Parents.’ ‘ To judge of your Birth by your Persons replied



' replied the King, it must be illustrious ; but tell  
 ' me sincerely who you are ' ' Sir (said she) my  
 ' Brothers and self deferred that Enquiry till our  
 ' Return, and then we received the Honour of an  
 ' Invitation to your Wedding, and have brought  
 ' these Rarities to divert you.' ' I am very glad  
 ' of it (said the King) therefore let us not defer so  
 ' agreeable an Entertainment.' ' What (said the  
 ' Queen-Mother, in a Passion) can you amuse your-  
 ' self no better than with such idle Stories, and  
 ' such silly Chits and their Rarities ; I am sorry  
 ' your Credulity should be so much abused, and  
 ' that they should have the Honour to sit at my  
 ' Table.' *Fair-Star* and her Brothers knew not  
 how to behave themselves at this disobliging  
 Expression, but were confused and vexed to be  
 affronted before so much Company : But the King  
 telling his Mother that this proceeding of hers very  
 much displeased him, desired them to take no No-  
 tice of it, and held out his Hand as a Sign of his  
 Friendship. *Fair Star* called for a Bason, and pour-  
 ing the Dancing Water into it ; which by its skip-  
 ping and jumping, formed Waveslike a rolling Sea,  
 and sometimes changing its Colour, filled all the  
 Company with Admiration, and by its forcing the  
 Bason along the Table to the King, cast out some  
 Drops into the first Gentleman of the King's Bed  
 Chamber's Face ; who being a Man of good Mein,  
 but of a disagreeable Face (though a Man of Merit)  
 having but one Eye, the Water made him very  
 beautiful, and restored his Eye again. The King,  
 whose Favourite he was, seemed as much pleased  
 with this Adventure, as the Queen-Mother was vexed  
 to hear the Applauses of the whole Company.  
 After that *Fair Star* produced the Ruby Apple upon  
 its Branch of Amber, which began as melodious a  
 Concert as if there had been a Hundred Musicians ;  
 which

126 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

which ravished the Senses of the King and whole Court: whose Admiration increased when she shewed the little Green-Bird in a golden Cage, out of which she took him gently, and set him upon the Apple, which out of Respect left off singing, to give him Time to speak: His Feathers were so bright, that when the Eyes were shut, they glistered, and were of all Manner of Shades of Green. He addressed himself to the King, and asked him what he pleased to know. 'We want to be informed,' (replied the King) who this Lady and three Gentlemen are.' 'O King (answered the Bird, with a plain and intelligible Voice) she is thy own Daughter, and two of these Princes are thy Sons; the third, whose Name is *Chery*, is thy Nephew.' Thereupon with an unparelled Eloquence, he told the whole Story, without omitting the least Circumstance.'

The King melted into Tears, and the afflicted Queen leaving her Dogs, came softly forwards crying for Joy; for she no longer disputed the Truth of the Story, when she saw all the Tokens. The three Princes rose up at the End thereof, cast themselves at the King's Feet, embraced his Knees, and kissed his Hand: he with open Arms clapped them to his Heart; and at that Time there was nothing heard but Sighs and Cries of Joy. When at last, the King seeing the Queen stand fearful by the Wall-side in an humble Posture, ran to her, and embraced her a thousand times: then took her by the Hand, and made her sit down by him; but not before her Children and she had embraced as often. Never was Sight more tender and moving; they were all in Tears, lifting up their Hands and Eyes to Heaven to return Thanks. The King made the Princess he was to marry a Compliment, and withal a Present of Jewels. But for the Queen-Mother, *Lucina*, and *Feintisa*, they could expect nothing

nothing but the utmost Resentment. The Thunder of his Anger began to grumble, when the generous Queen, her Children and *Chery*, conjured him not to put himself into a Passion, but to pass a more exemplary than severe Sentence. The Queen Mother he made a close Prisoner for Life in a strong Castle, and *Lucina* and *Feintisa* were cast into a deep nasty Dungeon, there to remain all their Days with the three Dogs.

After these three wicked Persons were carried away, the Music began to play, and all Joy and Mirth went forward; but none came up to that of *Chery's* and *Fair Star's*, who were as happy as they wished to be; for the King sensible of his Nephew's Merit, compleated the Happiness of that Day, by marrying him to his Daughter. The Prince transported with Joy, cast himself at his Feet; and *Fair Star* discovered no less Satisfaction. And the old Princess, (who had in a Kind of Solitude spent so many Years,) also partook of the Joy, the same Fairy that had been so entertained by her, at the same Moment, went and told her all that happened at Court, and asked her to go with her thither. The grateful Princess went with her in her Chariot of Blue and Gold, preceded by all Manner of warlike Instruments, and followed by five hundred Body-Guards, richly clothed; and by the Way, the Fairy told her the History of her Grand Children, how she had never forsaken them, but had protected them under the Shape of a Syren and Dove, and all upon the Account of the charitable Reception she gave her. The good Princess was every Moment for kissing her Hand, to shew her acknowledgment, and could not think of Expressions to declare her Joy. When they arrived at Court, the King received them with a thousand Testimonies of Friendship.

138 PRINCESS FAIR-STAR & PRINCE CHERY.

The Queen *Linda*, and her Children were glad to see the Princess, and earnest to express their Gratitude and Obligations to that illustrious Lady, whom the old Fairy told them was the kind Dove that guided them; who to compleat the King's Satisfaction, told him that his Mother-in-Law, whom he always took for a poor Country Woman, was a Sovereign Princess: Which was the only Thing perhaps wanting to that Monarch's Happiness. And to conclude, the Corsair and his Wife were sent for, that they might receive a noble Recompence, for the extraordinary Education they bestowed on them.

M O R A L.

Under the Idea and by the Intention of this History, it is shewn, that in whatever Manner Innocence is oppressed, yet if they patiently submit and follow the strait Path of Virtue, Providence will at some time or other act in their Favour; and the Wicked will meet that punishment their Conduct deserves.—From these Examples, who would not embrace good Actions, which in conclusion will

CROWN INNOCENCE WITH HAPPINESS.

F I N I S.